TALES FROM THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

SOPHIE M. COLLMANN

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LION OF LUCERNE

Thorwaldsen

TALES FROM
THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

BY
SOPHIE M. COLLMANN
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To

The Memory of My Mother

ANNA H. COLLMANN

PREFACE

Most of the twenty are Old World tales for they have a richer past to draw upon, but the New World has its romance too, and every once in a while it happens that it vibrates to a half forgotten string and something that has been before takes shape anew.

In the days of its might and glory the Roman army invaded the trackless forests of the Balkans. Hostile eyes watched from crag and leafy cover but the soldiers built them a road and over it carried the eagle banners to victory. Centuries later, in the New World, another army found itself in a forest equally as wild. Once again savage eyes looked down and gloated over anticipated spoil, once again the roadmakers led the way, but not to victory this time. Trajan's expedition was carved in marble, Braddock's won him no renown, but it helped a young Washington prepare for future laurels.

Old World Benvenuto made a brave fight to give expression to his art and finally gained his desire when he cast his Perseus. But the fiery Florentine had the work of the greatest of all times before him as a fount of inspiration, so, after all, why should not fame be his? Hiram Powers and Shobal Clevenger, sons of American pioneers, amid barren surroundings drew inspiration from tombstones and waxworks and learned to shape ideal figures from the marble block.

Their names are not among the greatest yet their achievements are not mean and they belong to our country's story.

Intrepid souls they were, those old Venetians, who built their city in the sea and made it beautiful with all the wealth their ships could find in distant lands. But our New World Venice sent its sailors over wider seas and they too, brought treasures out of the East each time they set their prows for home, and the bold sea life bred up a hardy race, well fitted to defend our shores. Oh, golden days of our merchant ships, are you indeed forever gone?

Yes, the New World has its romance which it shares with older lands. It has, besides, things all its own; it has its "Abe," the story of its rivers, its red men; but the Old World offers us beautiful pictures and ancient buildings wonderful to behold; Fairytale dwelt in its woods, and the knights of old; Dante it offers and Mozart, and the Tale of Troy — how poor we should be without these Old World gifts.

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THE OLD ROAD

THE road served the white man's needs up to the last block house on the frontier, then it ran off into the forest and was no longer straight and hard and broad, for the light-footed Indian who now claimed it for his own needed but a narrow trail. So it wound in and out among the trees, now over a mountain, now under a cliff, through brook and stream and tangled thicket, on and ever on, to the banks of the great inland river.

Here again were white men, but they were of different blood and hostile to those beyond the mountains. The river was theirs, said they, and, giving gifts to the Indians, they set them to watch the path lest the men of the East should venture that way.

"But the river is ours and all the land beyond it," said the English, "and the French shall not keep it from us"; and the little path widened beneath the tread of the soldiers as they went forth to dislodge the French. Hardy and brave were these men and bred to border strife, and their young leader knew forest ways as well as they. Undaunted, they dragged their guns and scanty stores over the mountains and built a fort in the wilderness. Here the foe came upon them, strong in number and certain of victory. Bravely the little garrison met him, but even the bravest must sometimes know defeat and in the end the young

leader and his men marched back again over the forest path, and the ferns and brambles crept up to hide their footprints and the ruts worn by the guns.

"Yes, the river is ours," said the French, and the Indians still watched the path.

But over in England King George was not pleased. "This will not do at all," said he, "not at all"; and he and his ministers consulted maps and plans.

"Ah, well," said they at length, "how could it be otherwise? This young man Washington is brave enough, no doubt, but what can he know about fighting? A good general with trained men behind him would soon settle the matter."

"Very well, then," ordered the King; "Edward Braddock is as good a general as you can find; let him drive the French out of our territory."

Then over the sea sailed General Braddock and with him many men. The ships bore guns and stores and the General's coach of state and after many days they came to land. Oh, how the people of Alexandria looked and wondered when the splendid British soldiers marched through their streets! The poor Colonial troops who came to join them appeared awkward and out of place in this gay throng. Win battles, these? Why, they could not even march or hold themselves properly! and the officers sighed at the thought of training them.

There was another who sighed, for the stirring notes of fife and drum and the sound of marching feet broke into the stillness of Mount Vernon

where lived the young man named Washington, no longer a soldier now, but a farmer. "Would that some of this glory might be mine," mused he as he rode about his plantation, all unmindful of the crops and with his thoughts set only on the coming campaign.

And when he rode down to the town he voiced his longing, which Braddock hearing, he desired the young man to join his staff.

Here then were the soldiers and the guns, and sailors from the ships to haul them over the mountains, and the new men were trained and Braddock was ready to set out. But where were the promised horses and wagons, the beef and flour, which the army needed? Had they not been commanded? Indeed they had and must even now be on the way. But neither storming nor patience produced them, and the Postmaster-general was sent for. His name was Benjamin Franklin and he was very wise. He shook his head over all the guns and the luggage; how could they ever be got over the mountains? But he promised both horses and wagons and he was a man of his word. So while he bestirred himself in the matter, General Braddock mounted into his fine coach and the army set out on its march, so bravely, so gaily, so unaware of the horrors of the deep dark forest beyond. The drums beat the Grenadiers' march as the coach rolled along, the General's bodyguard and the aides rode beside it, and the sound of many feet was upon the road. The road was bad and it grew worse.

"Ceremony is necessary and my rank requires it," groaned the General with every jolt, "but I

certainly am most uncomfortable in this coach."

However, he stuck it out to the end of the road and the fort on the edge of the wilderness where he could descend to earth without any loss to his dignity, for the King's Majesty himself would have found state carriages useless in this wild spot.

Here at Fort Cumberland, the campaign began in earnest. First of all, men with axes and picks plunged into the forest to cut down trees and widen the road. With them went engineers to direct the work and scouts to see that the way was clear.

"Just like in the Roman days," thought Washington, who watched them until they vanished among the trees, "but for all that there will be no Roman road for us to march over." Then he came back and contemplated the guns and stores and baggage and Franklin's horses and wagons, which were coming in. "To get a few swivels over the road was task enough, how then shall we manage to transport all these things?" he asked himself with a frown as he had done a hundred times on the way. Then he ventured to address the General: "The march over the mountains is a great undertaking and all this baggage will prove a heavy burden. Might it not be well, therefore, to take only what is most needful and load it on pack horses instead of wagons?"

Now General Braddock was a fine soldier; King George knew it and the General knew it too. He had studied the science of war and had been tried in many battles and his young aide's presumption therefore displeased him greatly. "The road

will be in readiness; it is being made now," said he stiffly. "As to pack horses, no; we must have wagons; that is the European way."

However, when the march began many things had to be left behind and the state carriage was one of them. Out of the glare of a midsummer day, then, they struck into the shadow of the wood, men and horses and guns, and wagons groaning beneath their loads. It was not a gay procession now with fife and drum that slipped and tripped and stumbled along over rocks, over roots, through bogs, but a slender, straggling line three miles or more in length. The roadmakers had done their best and far ahead were hard at work, but they could not lift out every boulder nor heave a mountain out of the way, so bravely up one side struggled men and wagons and guns and down again they came on the other and the gloomy forest closed around them once more.

Oh, it was hot there and stifling beneath the trees and man and beast panted, oppressed by weariness and dread. Were those Indian forms that lurked behind the rocks, or were they only shadows? No, they were deer; ah, venison was the meat of kings, but here it was not poaching to take it. "Tough!" exclaimed the officers when they tasted it. "Give us salt pork, instead," cried the men, and, "What a country!" said officers and men together. "Bread made of Indian meal; how can English stomach endure it! And water?—" alas, there was but little water to be had that summer, for the excessive heat had dried up the streams and even the sheltering woods

could not keep fresh the springs and brooks and they made but feeble murmur among their ferns and mosses.

On and on plodded the army, but slowly, oh, so slowly, so wearily, so burden bent, that in four full days only twelve miles had been made. Washington groaned in spirit but held his peace. His companions feared the deadly vipers lurking in the path and the stinging insects that set a man's blood on fire, but he felt the added dread of unseen eyes looking down from the mountain tops and gloating over the booty coming their way, and he frowned and tried to shake off the languor and fever which at times came upon him.

General Braddock, too, had time to ponder as he was borne along this endless road to nowhere. "Oh, proud Romans," thought he, "is this what you endured when your legions took their way through Europe? Perhaps you were wiser than I and let some young auxiliary guide you occasionally through villainous woods like these. Ha! and this young Colonial aide of mine is going about with his mouth shut like a trap; there's something on his mind again; suppose we let him have it out. I like that firm mouth of his and the way he sits his horse; he's the stuff good soldiers are made of; yes, we'll hear what he has to say."

And then, proud moment, the General turned to his aide for advice.

"Take Fort Duquesne at once," blurted out the young man; "there's no time like the present; the garrison is weak and the expected supplies and reinforcements cannot get there on account of the drought. They must be brought from the north

in boats and at this season the river is not navigable."

General Braddock nodded approval, "the plan is excellent."

"But," interrupted Washington, "we must go faster; this creeping advance will lose us all. If we could divide the forces —"

"It shall be done," said the General; "half the troops lightened of all but the most needful can push on ahead, leaving the rest to follow after with the train."

"And we'll not wait for the road but break our way by sheer force," went on Washington impetuously; but, "No, no, no!" cried Braddock. "The advance is proper and all in the game of war; but our men and guns must go in order over a road, else all dignity and discipline would soon be at an end." On the question of discipline the General was adamant, and so in spite of Washington's impatience the roadmakers still took the lead although the advance, eased of its burdens, was coming close upon their heels.

Through the forest sped the news, carried by unseen messengers, till it reached the French fort: "The British are coming, thousands strong, and their great guns scar the rocks as they pass." The French commander sighed when he heard it, for he knew that the fort must fall; he had few men and fewer stores, and how could he stand a siege?

On marched the advance, but Washington was not with it; he was far behind with the train, bumping over the road in a covered wagon, too ill to sit a horse or hold up his head. "I must be there in time for the attack," he cried as he tried

to shake off the fever, "indeed I must; I would not miss it for five hundred pounds."

On marched the advance, up and down, and up again. But a change had come over the forest; it was no longer unpeopled; light footfalls rustled in the grass, shrill cries quivered in the air; those were not merely shadows lurking there behind the thickets, and, see, the trees bore strange marks cut deep into their bark. Was it mist or smoke, that trembled over yonder? It was smoke and those in front sent back the cry: "An Indian camp." The fires were burning but the wigwams were deserted, one hundred and seventy of them. Where might the warriors be? The answer came next day when three men venturing after game were set upon and scalped.

"Out after the Indians and capture them!" commanded the General, and off went scouts and soldiers in haste, but for all their search, never an Indian could they find. On went the army, past the Great Meadows, where Washington had raised his wilderness stronghold Fort Necessity, on into the forest again.

"Indians, Indians!" cried the scouts as dusky forms appeared among the trees, but none were there when the soldiers came up. And the Indians grew bolder; they came at night about the camp, but when the soldiers fired it was only at the empty air. And they derided the soldiers and boasted of their scalpings in picture signs carved on the trees, but the forest kept its secret and hid them from Braddock's men.

"We are nearing Fort Duquesne," said General Braddock to his officers, "and extreme cau-

tion will be necessary." So the scouts were on the watch all day, and at night, when the army encamped, no telltale fires were lighted and the men slept on their arms, while the sentinels paced back and forth, back and forth, all through the long dark hours.

The road grew more friendly, great pine trees stood in rows and the mountains were less steep. And now Washington came up with part of the rear, still weak and riding in the wagon, but happy in the thought that he was not too late for the attack. It was set for the morrow and there was a council of war.

"Now." said General Braddock, unfolding his map, "here we are beside the Monongahela River, two miles from Fort Duquesne and on the same side of the stream. We could get there straight from the camp by this narrow defile between the river and the mountain, but the engineers tell me that it would take weeks to make a road fit for the gun carriages to pass over." This was unpleasant news and the officers received it gloomily but they said nothing. "However," resumed the General, there's another way."

"The ford?" cried some one, and all their faces brightened when the commander continued:

"Yes, we can ford the river here below the camp, march five miles down the west bank, recross the stream and continue to the fort."

"Yes," chorused the officers, "that is indeed a good plan," and they lost no time stirring up the camp.

"We go first," said Lieutenant Colonel Gage to

his grenadiers, "and we march before dawn, so get ready at once."

"The enemy will watch our coming; let every man look his best," came the General's orders, whereupon there arose a great commotion; arms had to be cleaned and burnished, uniforms brushed and pigtails neatly tied; drums and fifes, so long silent, sounded above the shouting and rumble of wheels and the firelight cast strange dancing shadows on the tents. But in the morning it was a gay and splendid army that crossed the stream and marched proudly along the other bank, keeping step with the music. At sight of that long line of scarlet flashing back silver, where the sun struck the bayonets, Washington forgot his fever and calling for his horse, rode on with the rest. On through the sunny morning marched Braddock's men until they reached the second ford where the advance was waiting.

"Yes," said Gage, as the General came over, "we saw Indians when we crossed, but they ran at our approach."

"Indians!" exclaimed Washington, looking grave, but the General did not hear him, he was frowning at some disorder in the ranks. But now the army was all over and the march on the fort could begin; the advance led as before, the road-makers went with them and the main body followed after; but the Virginia rangers came last.

"They should go first," said Washington, "for they know wood ways."

Braddock, however, thought that real soldiers need not fear wood ways and that theirs was the place at the head. With this he entered the wood

himself, for it was all woods between the ford and the fort.

And riding there, Braddock went to meet his doom, for even then a horseman rose upon the hill in face of the advance and painted savages stood among the trees. "The Indians! Fire!" went up the cry, but ere the shots rang out the leader raised his hand and the wild wood folk sank from sight to right and left. "Fire!" again commanded Gage and at the sound of the discharge, Braddock, far behind, cried "What is that?"

For answer demon voices filled the air with yells and a hail of bullets fell from out the leaves. "Ha!" cried the Virginia rangers, for they understood this kind of warfare and they sprang to cover behind the trees, ready to meet like with like, but the grenadiers stood helpless there; how could they fight a foe unseen?

"Fire!" shouted their leaders, but the shots went wild.

"Back in line!" thundered Braddock, when they tried to follow the Virginians. They were brave men but the hidden foe wrought havoc among them and the fiendish yells were worse than the bullets.

And suddenly from out the covert, a feathered warrior would leap forth, scalp a fallen officer, or seize a horse, and leap back again unharmed; alas, thus beset the grenadiers were sore dismayed and losing heart, turned and fled. Braddock tried to rally them but the Virginia rangers did better service that day than his own well-trained troops from overseas, who, when they fired, more often hit friend than foe. Washington was in the thick

of the fight, the bullets went through his coat but could do him no harm, for Fate intended otherwise and these woods were to see him once again.

But of what avail were valor and pride and heroic sacrifice? Fife and drum and burnished arms were cast aside with guns and baggage and all, as the panic spread and leaders and men were borne back in flight. The French captain and his Indian horde came out from hiding and had not the sight of all that spoil held back the savages, few of Braddock's men would have escaped to tell the tale.

And poor, obstinate, brave General Braddock; the cruel forest had vanquished him and claimed him for its own. Never again might he see England or ride in his coach of state; wounded to death he went back over the road, and as the springless wagon rolled haltingly over the rough path, "Who would have thought it?" was all he said. Five horses had been shot under him that day and he had done all that a brave man can do, but he had not known the forest and it would not let him go. "We must do better next time," said he, and then he died there in the lonely wood. They buried him in the road for fear the Indians might find him, and the retreat, man and horse and wagon, passed over his grave. But after many years, the roadmakers came into the forest once more to make the broad new road which was to take people out to the towns along the inland river. Then Braddock's hidden grave was found and he was laid to rest in a more fitting spot. He lies there still in that green solitude, but the river now belongs neither to the British nor the French.

THE HORSE FAIR

Rosa Bonheur

ROSA BONHEUR

"GOOD morning, Pig," said Rosa, patting the big wooden boar that stood before the butcher's shop, where he stands to this day, still proud of the touch of the little hand that held the fairy gift; then she ran on down the street where there were more carven animals. Peeping through the iron gate she gazed upon the arches and balustrades of the lonely old palace whereon crouched curious beasts and monsters all turned to stone. The morning sun crept in among them:

"Oh," cried Rosa, "Father said if the sun came out we would go to the forest, and it's shining, it's shining!"

There were real animals in the forest — dappled deer, rabbits and squirrels — and every pleasant Sunday Rosa's father took his family there. All the rest of the week he had to give drawing lessons to earn their bread, but on this one day they all made merry together.

Oh, the fresh green forest! The tall trees stood in rows, the grass was full of flowers, the little pool made a picture of a bit of blue sky, of nodding bushes, and your own laughing face, and the broad road led through sun and shade to the village and dinner at the little gray stone inn. But the shadows grew longer, and hark! the evening bells called, "Home, now, home!" Ah, and then came the coach; in quickly, with little tired feet and

nodding heads; the wheels turned round and round and when they stopped there was the door of home with the white moon shining full upon it!

Rosa's mother had died, and now there was nobody to watch the children while their father was away. They played in the studio among the easels and pictures, and Rosa, who was the eldest and the leader, cried:

"These maul-sticks and palettes will make fine lances and shields; come, boys, let us play at knights."

Then she and her brothers and Edmund, their friend, all armed to the teeth, fought hard and long before the high chair tower in which sat baby Juliette who was the fair lady of their heart's desire. Many a lance was shattered and many a shield spoiled, and father Bonheur, when he came home, shook his head sadly over the plight of his maul-sticks and palettes.

"Children, children," sighed he, "I want you to grow up good for something and I fear this will not come to pass unless I send you all to school. But how is your poor dad to manage it?"

In the end his faithful brush and pencil came to his aid and provided the key that was to open the door of learning to the little Bonheurs, for a few more lessons added to their father's daily work paid for their schooling.

Auguste and Isidore liked their lessons and their comrades, but Rosa was not happy.

"Your father is not rich like ours," said the girls. "You eat with an iron fork and your mug is of tin; we have silver forks and mugs, all people of quality have."

Rosa felt this to be true, so she said nothing. But the girls too, like the wooden boar, stood in awe of Rosa's hand, not that they suspected it of possessing any fairy gift, but because they knew it for a hard little fist, so when she said: "There isn't any fun in just walking round and round these garden paths; come, let us have a battle," they knew better than to say no, and straightway at her bidding fashioned swords of sticks and with them fell upon an unsuspecting enemy,— the tall proud hollyhocks, standing in line and bravely flaunting their colors in the sun. But the attack met with stout resistance and the hairy stalks struck many a stinging blow before their gallant ranks lay humbled in the dust. Ah, but it was a gay fight and the victory was a proud one, but, but —

"What a rude little girl, you must not play with her," said the mamas, when they heard that Rosa was to blame for all the scratched hands and stained frocks.

"Alas, my poor flowers! What an impossible child!" cried the head mistress all in one breath, "How shocking an example! She must leave at once."

"Yes, yes, indeed," cried all the teachers, "she must leave at once."

And the other girls who had been forgiven — it wasn't their fault, you know — said: "People who use tin mugs and iron forks cannot be expected to be nice like ourselves," and they turned up their noses at Rosa and once again walked properly, two by two, round and round the paths.

Thus ended Rosa's schooldays. "Let me learn to paint," said she to her father, but he replied,

"No, my child; an artist's life is too hard for a girl; you shall learn to make dresses; that will be far more pleasant."

But dressmaking proved no better than school and once again Rosa was back in the studio. "Let me learn to paint." "No," was still her father's answer but he did not send her away again.

Now she was alone in the studio; before her on the table were the cherries intended for her lunch, but she did not eat them, no; she hunted out a piece of canvas and some brushes, fitted an oil cup on her palette, squeezed out a few colors and began her first picture. It grew under her hand, she had a fairy gift, you know, and the time had come to show it. Every stroke of the brush worked magic, every dab of color helped a cherry grow more firm and round; Rosa's eyes sparkled, her cheeks burned, was ever game so delightful as this? A dot of white here, a bit of shadow there, what fun, what fun! The hours went by and her father found her still at it.

"Dear, dear," said he with a sigh, "it's really not half bad. Well, I suppose what can't be cured must be endured; to-morrow we'll begin work in earnest."

Work, ah, yes, work was henceforth to be Rosa's portion, for a fairy gift is not a light possession; its golden rewards are not easily grasped; giants and dragons guard them and must first be overcome. But what cared Rosa for the dragons in her path! The first step was taken, the rest must follow, and she sat in the studio intent on her task which grew less hard as the days went by.

Auntie looked in at the door. She had come to

see after things a little and she knew how to stir up the dragons. "Rosa," said she, "there's nothing in the house for dinner and the purse is empty. Did Daddy leave any money with you?"

Rosa bit her brush, "No, Tatan," said she; "but we can try the corner. Every time father gets any money he tosses some of it in there, and we hunt for it when the rest is all gone," and going down on all fours, she groped in the dark corner among the canvases, pasteboards, easels, and what not piled up there.

Tatan came and helped. "Ah, here's a franc," cried she.

"Here's another, and another," shouted Rosa, crawling out dusty but triumphant.

Tatan without more ado went off to spend the money, but Rosa before going back to her work sat for a while again, biting her brush and thinking hard. And that night she said to her father,

"Daddy, people who copy the pictures in the Louvre sell their work sometimes, don't they?"

"To be sure they do," replied her father, "and it's about time you were studying the masters there too; a good artist must let the great painters give him some lessons."

So Rosa studied the paintings in the famous gallery and people who watched her at her work, cried, "How fine to be able to do that!"

"Yes, it's fine," thought Rosa; "fine to learn the secrets of the masters and fine to know that I can sell my copy and help clear out the dark corners at home, but with all their hints I can never hope to paint like the old masters and I must find my way for myself."

Then she painted a picture of her own, a quite simple little picture; just a couple of rabbits nibbling at some carrots; but these studio pets set Rosa on her way — the animals she loved so well were to make her famous, for she could paint them as no one else could. The timid little rabbits went to the exhibition and nibbled their carrots before an admiring public, and their soft coats and shy eyes struck terror to the heart of one of the grim old dragons and drove him from the path. It was the dragon of the dark corner and the scattered francs who had become so harmless. Rosa snapped her fingers at him, she could earn francs of her own now and so could Auguste, and there was a new mother who looked after the family and kept order.

But she never scolded about the pets, even though there were many in the studio and queer ones among them. The sheep was the biggest, and it lodged on a platform outside the window; when it fretted, Auguste carried it down the stairs to the field beyond the house, and as it cropped the grass the sound came in through the window on the top floor and broke the studio stillness and Rosa, hearing it, laughed aloud.

But she needed larger models — the horses and oxen of her great pictures — so at dawn she stole softly down the stairs, a bit of lunch in her pocket, her paint-box under her arm, and trudged bravely on until the pavements came to an end and the highroad led straight into a picture adventure. Now it was a village fair with lively scenes that challenged the brush, now a sunlit field where men and beasts worked through the summer hours,

now a hillside with grazing sheep, and now a dark pool with wading cattle; yes, Rosa found subjects everywhere, and when she limped home at dusk, tired and dusty, it was always with something that later went into one of her pictures.

"Those oxen are pretty good," said the new mother, "but if you want to see what oxen really should be like, you must go to my old home in the hill-country."

Finer oxen; indeed, Rosa was anxious to see them, so she got into the stage coach and set out on her journey. The postillion cracked his whip and on they went very fast, for when the horses tired, fresh ones took their places. When they dashed through a town the postillion sounded his horn, at every station people got in and out, and at last it was Rosa's turn.

"Ah, it's true; this is the country for oxen," cried Rosa, at sight of the rich farms, and she hummed over and over, the words of the popular song:

"I've two big oxen in my stable,
Two fine big oxen, white and red,

only this farmer has six and yonder come as many more." Rosa painted them all, oxen red and white and pied; men and fields and sunny skies. And then, home again to the studio to turn the sketches into fame-bringing pictures. The big one, called "Plowing," was the best of all, and when it went to the exhibition everybody stood before it and enjoyed this simple story of labor; the six strong patient oxen drawing deep furrows in the moist dark earth, the men guiding the work, the peaceful landscape with the farmhouse show-

ing through the trees in the distance, and the sunny, cloudless sky over all.

" It must be delightful to live in the country," sighed all the city folks and they too, hummed the song:

" I've two big oxen in my stable,
Two fine big oxen, white and red."

Rosa was now a celebrity and her fairy gift was apparent to every one. Her old schoolmates remembered how she had led their games, her teachers had always suspected that she was gifted, and the Government bought her picture and hung it in the Luxembourg Gallery where it may be seen to this day. Yes, medals and honors were hers and she came down from the top floor and had a better studio, with a stable for her models.

" Ah," said Rosa, " this is what I always longed for when I sketched my beasts in the slaughter houses or looked for them on long, tiring tramps. Now all I need do is to have them brought before me," and she sat down to plan another picture. " I am tired of tranquil oxen and nibbling sheep," she said to herself, " I want horses this time, rearing, plunging, prancing horses, such as I have often seen in market towns on fair days; yes, my next picture is to be called the ' Horse Fair.' "

It was to be a very large picture, more than sixteen feet long and half as high, and Rosa needed many horses to fill the space. But the Paris horses proved to be busy animals with very little time to pose, so that even after Rosa had painted all of them that she could coax to the studio and all that her friends could lend her she was still in need of more.

"Well, if they can't come to me, I suppose I must go to them," said she with a sigh. "Alas, then, my pleasant studio, I must leave you for a while and go back to my old tramping days. But," added she with a chuckle, "let us see if anybody will guess it."

Nobody did; many people, to be sure, saw the young man who for many days sat painting horses at the various horse markets and omnibus stands of Paris, but it never entered anybody's head even to suspect that the hard-working little artist was none other than the renowned Rosa Bonheur, dressed in her brother's clothes the better to escape observation.

"I am glad I came," said she within herself, "there is more movement out here in the open and more action, the light is better, too, and as to this most comfortable disguise, I think I shall never want to give it up."

But if the horses had refused to come to the stable, they nevertheless invaded the studio. Never, surely, had there been so many sketches of horses; they covered the walls, the tables, the chairs, the easels, and even the floor; for the world just then held nothing for Rosa but horses. She painted away at them until she could have done it with her eyes shut. Every horse in the great picture had been sketched countless times and still Rosa felt that she must try just one more pose.

All things, however, must come to an end, even sketches, and so in course of time the "Horse Fair" was finished. The world has pronounced it Rosa Bonheur's masterpiece, for although she was to paint many splendid pictures in the years

still to come, none would ever quite equal this. "My Parthenon frieze," she called it in jest, but that is just what it is — a frieze of horses; there is not much landscape and the men hardly count, and they have usurped the entire canvas, these ponderous Norman horses, gray, brown and sorrel, ready to stampede out of the picture and taxing all the strength of the blue-bloused hostlers to hold them in. Rosa had wished to portray vigorous life and motion and she knew that she had succeeded. Many of her pictures went to foreign lands and she hoped that this one might remain in France, but it too went on its travels, and as though the restless horses could not endure quiet, never stopped until it had crossed the ocean and after many adventures was finally tethered in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, far, oh, so far, away from Rosa's studio.

Rosa was now rich as well as famous, and she had a castle which she called her own; for the fairy godmother, she of the gift, had behaved handsomely, as fairy godmothers should, for she knew that no fairy story is complete without a castle in the end. Rosa's was called By, and it stood out in the good green forest among the oaks and silent pools. In the park were deer and lions and the rest of Rosa's pets, but dragons were never known to enter there. The lions of course did not roam about with the deer but lived in the zoo, for there was also a real zoo in this lovely place. As to Rosa's studio, it was just the kind of studio you would expect to find in a castle, especially if you had a fairy godmother.

Here then Rosa Bonheur lived happily ever after, which in a true fairytale means for many happy and useful years.

JOHN FLAXMAN'S STORY OF TROY

One chilly spring afternoon in 1760, Mrs. Mathew was sitting in her pleasant drawing-room expecting a visitor. Presently the tapping of a crutch sounded in the hall outside and in came John Flaxman, a boy of ten, pale and small and leaning on a crutch. The pretty room, with its cheerful fire and the blooming plants in the long windows, seemed the loveliest spot in all London to this little boy, and Mrs. Mathew was nothing less than a good fairy who had the power to open up a world of wondrous deeds before his eyes.

The key to this world was a little black book, which Mrs. Mathew took from her work-basket. And while she partly read and partly told her story, John Flaxman sat by the table and drew pictures of what he heard and seemed to see:

There was a city; walls were all about it, with great towers set upon them. Before it stretched a vast plain, reaching to the sea. Through the plain ran the river Scamander, bringing water to the city and feeding the trees of the plain, but along the beach lay ships, a mighty fleet, and a walled camp reached into the plain protecting the ships and the men within them. And the goddess of Discord hovered over the city and the camp keeping alight the torch of war, for the Greeks were besieging Troy; nine years had the siege been go-

ing on, yet neither was the city taken nor had the Greeks been driven off.

Discord felt fierce joy thereat, for the war was of her making. Far back lay its beginning, that time the sea goddess Thetis married King Peleus, the mortal. A merry wedding feast it was, with all the high Olympians about the board — no, not all — Discord was not invited.

"She makes trouble wherever she goes," said gods and mortals alike, and so no golden plate was set for her.

But Discord waxed wroth at the slight: "Oh, ho!" cried she, "you are quite safe now from Discord, are you? Well, we shall see what we shall see." And then, when the feasters were most merry, she put her head in at the door for a moment and flinging a golden apple on the table, cried, "For the fairest!" and vanished away.

Oh, the joyous memory of all that followed! Each goddess there thought herself the fairest and the hall was filled with clamor; but the three greatest goddesses, Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite, cried more loudly than the rest so that the others were silenced. Then great Zeus was to be the judge, but he was much too wise for that; he knew that no matter how he decided there would be two angry goddesses, so he beckoned instead to Hermes and bade him take both goddesses and apple to Mount Ida and let Paris, the shepherd, be the judge.

The shepherd Paris sat playing by the spring on Mount Ida, with his flock about him cropping the fragrant herbs on the slope. Into the summer stillness there came a sudden rush and the god-

desses stood before him. Paris held the apple in his hand and looked at the three fair ladies.

"Give it to me," cried Hera; "mine is power, and I shall make you great and renowned."

"Give it to me, and you shall be the wisest among men," said Athena, but Aphrodite smiled as she promised him the fairest wife on earth, and Paris gave the apple to her.

Now the fairest woman on earth was Helen, queen of King Menelaus of Sparta, and Aphrodite, keeping her promise, helped Paris carry her off to his father's royal house at Troy, for the shepherd lad had turned out to be the son of King Priam and the brave Hector was his brother. But Menelaus was wroth and he called his friends together.

"Shall we suffer the Trojans thus to rob a Greek?" cried he.

"No," answered the Greeks, "let us on to Troy and lay low its walls!"

And they gathered a great fleet and sailed for Troy, while the watchers left behind piled up wood on every hill, ready to kindle the beacon lights that were to spread the news when Troy should fall. But Troy lay safe behind its walls; try as they would the Greeks could not enter within, and days lengthened into months and months into years, yet the city was neither lost nor won. The Greeks, whenever they needed stores, sailed up and down the coast bringing back spoil in plenty, flocks and grain and captives, taken from the towns round about. And Chryses, priest of Apollo, was grieved because his daughter was among the captives, and he came with gold and costly gifts to

buy her freedom. But King Agamemnon, whose slave she was, refused to give her up until Apollo, in punishment, sent a plague upon the Greek camp, so that first the beasts and then the men sickened and died, and Calchas, the priest, declared that the god's anger would not be stayed until the maiden was returned.

"So be it then," said Agamemnon at length, "but it is not meet that I, the leader of all the Greeks, should give up my spoil and the rest keep theirs. I shall give up Chryseïs, but Achilles must give me his slave Briseïs in her stead."

At this, Achilles flew into a rage, and drawing his sword, would have rushed upon the King had not Athena, who stood behind him, seized the hero by his yellow hair and pulled him back.

"Scold if you will," cried she, "but sheathe your sword and do not strike the King."

Achilles obeyed, but with a bad grace. "Have your way then," he said to Agamemnon; "you are always first when it comes to sharing the spoil, but in battle you let others take the lead. You may rob me of my spoil, but it will cost you dear, for my men and ships shall no longer help you in the siege. I have no quarrel with the Trojans, they never wronged me, but as a Greek I came to avenge an insult to a Greek; now, wronged by a Greek, I withdraw from the fight and my friend Patroclus shall go with me too."

Then Achilles took off his armor and sitting beside the sea, he wept aloud, so that his mother, the sea goddess Thetis, heard him where she sat in her home beneath the waves, and she hurried up to comfort him.

"Mother," cried Achilles, "go, I pray you, to great Zeus, who will not say you nay: entreat him to let the victory rest not with the Greeks, but with the Trojans."

"And you, my son, a Greek, would ask this thing?" cried Thetis in amaze.

"Yes, Mother; Agamemnon has done me too great a wrong."

Then Thetis, still marveling at the strange request, took her way to Mount Olympus. Zeus heard her prayer, then spoke: "The end must be as has been ordained, but for a while let it be as you ask."

And now the valorous Hector, standing on the wall, looked toward the Greek camp. "Things go ill with the Greeks," cried he; "Achilles has taken his men from the fight and sits sulking in his tent; Agamemnon is wounded, so is the wise Odysseus; let us down and take the camp and burn the ships." Then the Trojans put on their armor and brought forth the chariots, but Andromache, the wife of Hector, came to him on the wall and with her went the nurse carrying the little Astyanax.

"Go not forth, my Hector," cried Andromache, "for if you fall all Troy falls with you. Then your old father, King Priam, and your own little son will be slain and we women all must end our days on foreign hearths as slaves. And the captive Andromache, waiting her turn among the women drawing water at the well, will hear them mocking: 'See, where she stands, the once proud Andromache, wife of slain Hector. While he lived her maids trembled before her, now she herself knows what it is to face an angry mistress.'"

But the brave Hector might not be stayed; he comforted Andromache and held out his arms to his infant son, but the child drew back in fear at sight of the plumed helmet, so that Hector placed it on the ground before he kissed him good-bye.

Then the Trojans came out through the gate and their chariots thundered across the plain until they reached the trench. This the Greeks had dug both wide and deep before the camp to protect it and in the trench they had planted stakes. Hector was for leaping it with the chariots but Polydamas held him back.

"Nay, valiant Hector," cried he, "let us rather leave our chariots here and cross on foot. Now at our ease it is safe enough to leap, but should we by chance be driven back, we might fall upon the stakes and then, how should we speed across the plain without our chariots?"

So the Trojans went over on foot and drew against the camp. The Greeks flew to the walls and their leader, Ajax, rushed from post to post guiding the defense. Sarpedon, the Lycian, made a breach in the wall but the Greeks filled it with their bodies and held them back. Then Hector heaved a mighty stone and cast it with all his might against the gate so that it shattered and fell asunder, giving passage to the men of Troy. In they came, a tide not to be stemmed, back they bore the Greeks, out of the shelter of the camp they forced them — down to the beach where lay the ships.

"Bring torches and fire the ships," cried Hector, and his men ran with burning brands.

But Ajax stood upon the deck and with his lance

he bore back the foe while he cried aloud: "Men of Greece, defend the ships! Home lies far away; no city have we here to protect us, but there stand the Trojans and yonder rolls the deep!"

All this time Achilles sat in his tent nursing his wrongs, but Patroclus, his friend, saw the peril of the Greeks and his heart yearned to help them. "Oh, Achilles!" cried he, "the Greeks are hard beset and the Trojans bring brands to burn the ships. Oh, as a Greek, come and help your fellow Greeks!"

"No," replied Achilles; "I have no part in the fight, but if you will, you may go and help drive off the Trojans. Put on my armor and take my myrmidons and the ships, but when you have overcome the Trojans and they flee across the plain, do not follow them to Troy, lest you take from me my glory, for the fight against Hector must be mine." But Patroclus only half heeded these words; he buckled on the armor in haste while Automedon got ready the chariot, then leaping up behind the impatient steeds, he sped to the shore with the myrmidons following close behind.

Achilles meanwhile took a goblet, filled it with wine and poured a libation to Zeus, praying that Patroclus might prevail against the Trojans and that he might return in safety from the fight. But only half of this would Zeus grant, since the fate of Patroclus had already been decreed.

And the valiant Ajax was, indeed, sore beset. He no longer stood on deck but had been forced down to the rowers' benches, his lance had lost its head and he tried to beat back the assailants with an oar.

"Brands, bring brands!" again urged Hector and even now one of the ships burst into flames. But the chariot of Patroclus thundered into the fray and behind came the myrmidons close together, shield touching shield, a solid living wall. Then the Trojans were glad that they had heeded the counsel of Polydamas and left their chariots beyond the trench, for they thought that Achilles himself was upon them and they turned in haste to flee.

And Patroclus having freed the ships, pursued the Trojans across the plain, with him went the myrmidons and all the Greeks, and then there was fighting indeed, for the Trojans went not tamely back. Sarpedon made front against Patroclus but the fight went against him, which seeing, Hector, although he knew that fortune this day was with the Greeks, turned about and came to the aid of his friend. Yet in vain, for the brave Sarpedon fell and Sleep and Death bore him from the field to his home in far away Lycia, where he was laid to rest in his marble tomb.

But against Hector, Patroclus could not prevail, whereat he forgot the counsel of Achilles and followed across the plain even to the walls of Troy. Thrice he rushed against the battlements and each time Apollo thrust him back; the fourth time the god called out: "Cease, Patroclus, this wall defies thy lance. Thou shalt not enter Troy, nor yet thy friend Achilles, who is greater far than thou."

Then Patroclus desisted, for he feared the wrath of the god. But his hour of doom was come, for now Hector, lingering by the Scæan gates, heark-

ened to the promptings of Apollo and went forth against the Greek. Thrice Patroclus met the charge but the fourth time Apollo struck him a blow from behind so that darkness came before his eyes and he reeled and dropped the helmet from his head, the proud helmet of Achilles, which never had been brought low before and which now trailed its plumes in the dust. And the joints of the armor now cracked and fell asunder, and breast plate and greaves fell away, leaving the hero unprotected. Then a great fear fell upon Patroclus and he would have fled to his friends, but even as he turned he was struck by a spear and Hector came with a rush and slew him there. And Hector triumphed, for the helmet and armor of Achilles were now his; but the steeds and the chariot he could not take for Automedon drove them too quickly away. Then Hector sought to capture the body of Patroclus, but the Greeks, King Menelaus and Ajax at their head, rallied around it and put up a stout defense.

All this while Achilles sat by the sea shore little heeding the fight until there came a messenger saying: "Patroclus is dead!" Then Achilles strewed his purple garments with sand and tore his yellow hair and his grief was so loud that his mother Thetis, in her home beneath the waves, heard it and she and all the sea nymphs wept and wailed. And Thetis hastened up from the sea to comfort her son. When he saw her he cried:

"Patroclus is dead and I cannot avenge him for my armor is lost, but if I do not go against Hector, I care no more to live."

Then Thetis sighed, for she knew that Achilles

might not long survive Hector, but her son's grief was more than she could bear, so she said: "It is right, my son, that thou shouldst help thy friends, but without arms thou canst not prevail. Arms I can provide; tarry here till break of day when I shall return with them. Till then, forbear." So saying she dismissed her nymphs and took her way to Olympus.

But now Iris, Juno's messenger, stood before Achilles, "Up, Achilles," cried she; "save the body of Patroclus from dishonor!"

"How can I without arms?" answered Achilles.

"We know your want of arms," replied Iris, "but you do not need them now; just show yourself beside the trench."

"Aye," said Athena, suddenly appearing, "come, show yourself," and she held her ægis over him so that a glory surrounded him and he was terrible to behold. To the trench she led him and he raised a great shout and Athena raised her voice with his. Then were the Trojans dismayed for the hero appeared as a god in his ire and they fled in panic. Thus was the body of Patroclus rescued and brought on a bier to the tent of Achilles where it was bathed and anointed and shrouded in linen, while all the household, Achilles at their head, gave way to grief and woe.

Meanwhile Thetis, having reached Olympus, went straight to the dwelling of Hephæstus, the cunning craftsman among the gods. She found him at his forge, making some wonderful tripods to adorn the new house which he had just built for himself. Hephæstus was always glad to see Thetis, for she had once sheltered him in time of

trouble, and in honor of her visit he put out the fire and locked away his tools in a chest. Then taking a sponge, he washed off the soot, after which he put on his robe of red, and leaning on his handmaidens, for the great artist was lame, he came into the room where Thetis was sitting.

" Most gladly will I make you a set or armor," said he, when Thetis had told her errand, " could I but as easily shield your son from harm, how ready were I to do it! " Thereupon he returned to his forge, re-lighted the fire, unlocked his tools, and all night long wrought upon the wonderful shield, done in many colored metals and enamels. Embellished most cunningly it was with pictures of sun and stars and the great silver ocean; with cities in times of war and peace; with scenes of seedtime, harvest and vintage. And he made beside a corselet and greaves and a marvellous helmet, all ten times more splendid than those Achilles had lost. And when the night was ended the armor was all done and Thetis took it and descended to where Achilles mourned in his tent over the body of his slain friend.

" Cease thy grief, my son; here are the arms," cried Thetis, dropping them with a crash.

Achilles sprang up at the sound and gazed in wonder at the marvellous shield. His eyes kindled and his heart leaped at the thought of the fray, and he put on the armor piece by piece while Automedon once more harnessed the horses to the chariot. Then forth to battle issued Achilles, eager to avenge his friend. No Trojan would he spare that day, not even friends of old; for the sake of Patroclus all must die, said he. And he

raged across the plain and piled up the river Scamander with the dead until the current was blocked and the river complained.

"Stop, Achilles, even though, proud hero, it be given thee to slay every head in Troy, why molest me with thy fury? See, my waves are clogged and cannot find their way to the sea, desist, I pray thee!"

But Achilles stopped for naught that day, and more dead encumbered the flood. Then the river rose in its wrath and bore Achilles upon its waves and taking on the form of a god, began to cast the dead from its current. Achilles rose on the waves and seized upon a tree that grew on the bank, but the roots gave way and the tree falling across the stream, only fettered its progress the more. Then the river in fury overflowed its banks, following Achilles over the plain until the hero feared to drown.

"If I must die, let it be like a hero, not like a shepherd swept away in a freshet!"

Juno heard his lament and she called to her son Hephæstus: "Take fire, my son, and fight the river."

Then Hephæstus came with fire. First he dried up the plain and consumed all the bodies lying there, then he shrivelled up the trees and rushes beside the bank, next the waves began to boil so that the fishes and eels panted and gasped.

And the river cried: "I yield, O Hephæstus! Why do you combat me thus? Let me but run on my course and I take no further part in the fate of Troy."

Then Hephæstus ceased and the streamlets once

more began to flow and the waves of Scamander once more murmured softly as the river ran to the sea.

Achilles, however, his great plumes waving above his head and his arms flashing in the sun, went on to the walls of Troy. And Hector waited for him by the Scæan gates. To him his father, old King Priam, called from the battlements: "Go not forth, my son, lest thou perish in the plain!"

But Hector made answer: "If I perish, let it be in the field fighting for these walls, but not within them." And he awaited Achilles; but at sight of the hero in his celestial armor the heart of Hector failed him and he turned and fled, Achilles after him. Thrice they circled the walls, then Hector, falsely inspired by Athena, stood his ground by the Scæan gates.

Then said he to Achilles: "We fight now but ere we begin let us agree to this one thing, that the victor shall not dishonor the dead. If you fall, your arms are mine by right of conquest, but your body will I restore to your friends for honorable burial; promise to do so also by me."

But Achilles answered, "No promise make I to any Trojan," and he made at his adversary.

Hard and bitter was the fight, Apollo aiding Hector. And the gods on Olympus looked on and Zeus said:

"Shall we let brave Hector perish?"

"It is for you to decide," replied Athena, "but you know what the Fates have decreed."

Then Zeus took the scales and held them aloft and the scale of Hector sank, which seeing, Apollo

left him and Achilles slew him there by the gate.

Then Achilles did a cruel thing; he pierced the ankles of the dead and tying them together with thongs, bound the body to his chariot. Thus he drove about the walls of Troy, dragging Hector behind him. And there arose a wail upon the wall, for old King Priam beheld the deed and his queen Hecuba, and great was their grief and that of all the city. Only Andromache knew it not. She sat in her palace among her maids, giving orders for a bath prepared for Hector when he should return all stained and dusty from the fight. To her came the sound of lamentation and she arose and ran to the wall, crying as she went, "Surely, some harm has befallen Troy." And there burst upon her sight the vision of the chariot dashing through the plain with Hector's body dragging in the dust behind it, and Andromache fainted where she stood upon the wall.

. . . . . .

When she had come to this part of the story, Mrs. Mathew stopped, for it was time for John Flaxman to go home.

"The rest is soon told," said she. "Old King Priam came in the night with rich presents as ransom for his son's body, and Achilles relenting, sent Hector back to Troy. And now let me see what you have been drawing."

"But," said John, as he gave her his pictures, "did Troy ever fall?

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mathew, "but not before Achilles had met his doom at the very gates where he had slain Hector. And the Greeks never could have taken the city without the ruse of the wooden

horse. That part of the story is written by the poet Virgil and when you come again we shall take it up.

"But your drawings you must leave with me," continued the lady, who wished to show them to a friend.

Then John said good-bye and tapped away home on his crutch, taking with him visions which he never forgot and which many years later, when he was a famous artist in Rome, took shape in the drawings we know so well.

As for the little sketches which he had made that day, they so pleased Mrs. Mathew's friend that she gave him his first commission for six drawings from Homer. These have been preserved and are the first known work of the great sculptor, for that is what John Flaxman came to be.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

Landseer

SIR EDWIN AND SIR WALTER

Sir Walter lived in a very fine castle with fountains and peacocks in the garden and a wondrous library in which he worked his magic, for Sir Walter was a magician and people called him the "Wizard of the North."

Sir Edwin came to see Sir Walter; he was something of a magician himself and he meant to work some magic in the library too.

"But not to-night," said Sir Walter, "and not to-morrow; you must first see our hills and stalk some deer; all our guests do that, you know." So they sat by the fire and talked and Maida, the old deerhound, came and laid her head on her master's knee. Afterwards they had dinner in the great dining-room and Sir Edwin for the first time tasted a haggis, the famous pudding of Sir Walter's country. Then he went to bed for he must be up betimes to see the hills and stalk the deer.

But what was Maida doing in the room? No, it was not Maida, it was the big bloodhound Grafton and the little terrier Scratch, oh to be sure, in a magician's castle you could expect to lie in bed and look right through the wall into your own yard. So there was Grafton looking out of the kennel and Scratch close beside him; "Dignity and Impudence," laughed Sir Edwin, but Scratch was saying:

"Look, there is Dash coming to see the master. Poor Dash, he sleeps in a silk-lined basket and the footman has to carry him about. I wonder whether he has ever buried a bone?"

"Oh, no," remarked the Bay Mare, putting her head out at the stable door; "Dash is a royal dog, it wouldn't do at all for him to bury bones; why, his mistress is a duchess and the mother of our Queen!"

"Oh," cried Scratch, "then I'm thankful that I am not a royal dog. There's nothing nicer than a clean straw bed and I've just buried the finest juicy bone where nobody but myself can find it. As to indoors — were you ever in the house, Grafton?"

"No," replied Grafton, "I am a watch dog; if I went into the house who would guard it?"

"Well then, you wouldn't like it if you did," went on Scratch. "I have been inside and it isn't a bit pleasant. They won't let you shake a mat and they scold about muddy paws, and if you try to hide a bone among the sofa pillows, dear, dear, what a to-do there is! No, indoors may do for cats, but for proper dogs, never!"

"Cat's meat, dog's meat!" cried a voice, and the vendor's cart stopped just outside the open yard door.

"Get up, Jack," said the master to his dog which trotted by its side; "get up, and watch while I call on my customers." So Jack climbed up and laid a paw on the scales.

"Aha! now he'll help himself," cried Scratch, for the cart was full of meat. But Jack did noth-

ing of the kind; he sat quite still and showed his teeth to some stray dogs that came to beg.

"He is a watch dog and knows his duty," said Grafton.

"He has had enough," remarked the Bay Mare.

"He has had something better," cried Scratch; "I hope it wasn't my marrow bone!" and he ran off to see. But he was back in less than no time. "It's gone, it's gone! Jack, you found it, I know you did," he cried.

"Master gives me all the bones I can eat, I don't have to steal them," replied Jack haughtily; "why don't you ask some of the beggars hereabouts?"

"No, no," cried the puppy and the retriever together, "we have not seen your bone," but the poor starved hound only hung its head, it was too humble to defend itself.

"Then it was you?" began Scratch but —

"No, it was I," cried a voice behind him and there stood — Dash. Yes, Dash, with mud on his silky coat and his blue ribbon all awry. "I took the bone and I'm sorry if it was wrong, but they never let me have any and it's so tiresome to live on dog biscuit and cream."

"Dog biscuit and cream, oh!" cried Scratch, wrinkling up his nose in disgust.

"Dog biscuit and cream — oh!" murmured the poor hound, licking his chops at the thought.

"I saw you bury the bone," continued Dash, "and it seemed such fun. And it was a splendid bone; yes indeed, it was."

"Cream and a juicy bone —" again murmured the hound, as in a dream.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Scratch, looking from one to the other, "Poor things, poor things!"

But just then the footman came from the house and seized Dash by the blue ribbon. "'Ere 'e is, running after the dog's meat cart. And that muddy! Whatever would 'Er Royal 'Ighness say!"

"Come, poor dog, you shall have my biscuit and cream," cried Dash as the footman bore him away.

"Next time, Dash, you'll find a bigger bone," called Scratch, running back to the kennel and Grafton.

Then Sir Edwin laughed aloud and woke to find that it was gray morning and time to go deer stalking. Indeed, the gillies were already waiting below. They knew the haunts of a fine stag, and with patience Sir Edwin might call him his.

"But it takes patience," said the gillies. "You can't hurry up things in deer stalking; it's watch and wait and creep along and never let the deer suspect you."

Patience, Sir Edwin possessed in plenty, but he wished the morning had been less misty and chill. All the world was wrapped in gray and the hills were hid from view. Close by the river sang as it ran over its pebbly bed; it sang unseen and yet the gillies found a bridge and a climbing path. The sun rose and a wind drove off the mist; the hunters sat about a friendly fire in the shelter of some rocks and had breakfast and then they began to stalk the deer in earnest. Sir Edwin could

see no deer, but the gillies said there was one, so he crept on after them, now down the hillside, now across the glen up into the wood again, hiding behind boulders, crouching in the heather, warily, stealthily, lest the deer take alarm.

"This is the spot," said the gillies at last halting on the edge of a clearing. "He will come along that path and linger here for his midday rest; and now we must wait."

And wait they did! Sir Edwin watched the bees gathering honey in the heather and the little green snake sunning itself beside the mossy stone; he saw the shadows disappear from this side of the clearing and steal out again at the other, and he thought this very dull sport. "The only way to hunt the deer," decided he, "is with hounds and horn and loud halloo."

Then suddenly, he did not know how, the deer was there; a majestic stag with broad antlers, he seemed to fill the clearing as he stood there in the sun. And what did Sir Edwin do? Did he take the gun the gillie proffered? No, not he. He reached into his pocket and drew forth a sketch-book and in less time than it takes to tell he had the deer, antlers and all, sketched on the white paper. "The Monarch of the Glen," he wrote beneath it. Then a twig broke under his foot and at the sound the stag sprang to shelter and was lost to sight among the trees.

"Oh, oh, he's gone!" cried the gillies, then somewhat doubtfully, they added: "Perhaps we can stalk another," but Sir Edwin said no: he was greatly pleased and more than satisfied with his hunt.

Back they plodded over the hills, for it was growing late and the way was long. The gillies regretted the loss of the deer and they shook their heads as they went along.

"Many strange hunters have we seen," said they to each other, "but never one like this."

Sir Edwin, however, was in gay spirits; he took pleasure in the purpling hills and the silvery lakes and streams at their feet. The sun set in splendor but even before the last red streaks paled in the sky, white mists floated up from crevice and hollow and the hunters once again trod unseen paths.

"The moon is rising," said the gillies as a faint white light penetrated the walls of fog and revealed strange flitting shadows behind. They were the trees and rocks along the path, but once Sir Edwin caught sight of a group of deer standing on the brow of a hill. Presently the path descended; the little river sang once more, the bridge led across it, then came smooth paths and lights, an open door and warmth and more welcome even than the waiting supper — a nice soft bed.

"But where are the antlers?" Sir Walter asked next morning, "Did you forget to bring them?"

"Oh, no," laughed Sir Edwin, "here they are in my pocket," and he drew forth his sketch.

"Ho, ho!" shouted Sir Walter in glee, "and what did the gillies say, I wonder?"

"They said a good deal," admitted Sir Edwin, "but antlers are to be had in plenty for the buying. A wild deer, however, in such a pose and so close, too, indeed, an artist does not often get a chance like that."

" Ah, well, you can't be kept from your magic, I see," said Sir Walter, for he knew, what you too have guessed by now, that Sir Edwin's was worked with brush and pencil, " but come, now, and let me show you the entrance to fairyland."

Then they went out through the garden and along the river which sang as musically in the sunshine as when it was hidden from sight and Sir Walter's little dogs, Mustard, Pepper, Spice and Whiskey ran with them, but Maida could not follow, for she was grown too old. And now they came to the Rhymer's Glen which was Sir Walter's own, and where was the entrance to fairy land.

" It is here somewhere among the stones and heather," said Sir Walter, " only the gate is shut and I have never held the key. But Thomas the Rhymer came here on a summer day singing his verses as he sat beneath the Eildon tree. And a sudden silence fell upon the glen, not a leaf stirred and the humming bees were hushed; but elfin bells rang out sweet and clear and Thomas looking up, beheld a lady riding there. Green was her dress, golden her hair and her white palfrey's reins were hung with silver bells. ' I am the Queen of Fairyland,' said she. ' Come, ride with me into my realm. There you shall wear our fairy green and win the gift of prophecy and after seven years come back to this same spot beneath the Eildon tree.'

" And as she spoke her face was strangely fair and her eyes as deep and dark as the black tarn up in the hills, and Thomas the Rhymer forgot the world and his singing for the while and mounting

the white palfrey, rode away with the Fairy Queen to her own country.

"And even yet," went on Sir Walter, "as you sit here on these mossy stones on sunny afternoons, the sudden silence sometimes falls, you catch the sound of fairy bells and start up knowing that the gate stands wide open there behind you. But with the start you break the spell, the gate shuts with a clang, the fairy bells turn into a mocking elfin laugh — no, it is a cricket's chirp — and the glen is as before."

Sir Walter laughed as he sat there on the mossy stone in the Rhymer's Glen with his dogs close beside him and Sir Edwin laughed too, for he felt sure that the door of fairyland was not always locked to the "Wizard of the North" and that Sir Walter had often peeped within, but he only said: "Did Thomas the Rhymer ever come back?"

"Oh, yes, when the seven years were up; but people who have once been in fairyland are ever after under its spell. He could not forget and after a time his longing took him back."

That night in the library Sir Edwin and Sir Walter showed each other their magic. Sir Edwin took his pencil and with it conjured up the glen with its mossy rocks and Sir Walter sitting there, his dogs about him, and it was very fine magic indeed. But Sir Walter's was even finer: he took a goose quill, dipped it into his big ink-stand and scratch, scratch, there was *his* magic all over the paper, only a bit of it to be sure, for there was to be enough to fill a big book. Sir Edwin looked at it and it seemed to him that

ladies and knights, castles and towers and deeds of bygone days took shape out of the gray mist of the past and filled the space about him. He saw desert sands and palm trees beside a well. Red Cross knights and Saracens were riding there and their adventures led to a hermit's cave and into the golden splendors of a mysterious chapel hidden in the shelter of the rocks. And there was a vision of a fair lady who dropped roses at the feet of the knight, then darkness fell upon the scene and the magic ended with the page.

"But," said Sir Edwin, "surely this is not all? I must know what happened next."

Sir Walter, however, insisted that his kind of magic was very peculiar, sometimes it was slow in coming and he could not promise the rest until next year. Then Maida, who saw that her master had stopped writing, came up and put her head on his knee and the clock called out that it was time to go to bed.

Sir Edwin's visit came to an end and he went home, but he thought that Sir Walter's country was something like fairyland, for it drew him back again and again and every time he went he hunted the red deer in the hills.

THE BUILDING OF ST. OUEN

THE monks of St. Ouen, when their other tasks were done, would put on leather aprons and help the workmen who were building the abbey church.

John of Bayeaux, the master builder, directed the work and set each man his task according to his gifts. Some carved figures and flowers; some created fanciful gargoyles; some placed stone upon stone to form columns and arches; some built steps, some windows, and some simply carried mortar; but each and all had a part in what was to be one of the most beautiful churches in the world.

The abbot came often to look on. He was somewhat impatient, good man, for he loved his church and could not see it grow fast enough. On this summer morning the sounds of labor had again drawn him from the pleasant abbey garden to the scaffolding high on the wall. The abbot was pleased, for he saw that the work was good. Flying buttresses and pinnacles were beginning to crop out here and there, slender spires cut into the air, and the ancient clerks' tower, once held to be such a lofty structure, now looked small and humble as it leaned far down against the wall.

The abbot turned to go, but he paused a moment to look at the good town of Rouen, lying below him. The morning shadows still lingered in the narrow streets, but the shop doors were

CHURCH OF ST. OUEN — ROUEN

open and blue smoke curled above the red roofs. From where the abbot stood he could look far over the city walls into the country beyond, where the broad Seine gleamed like silver and fields of grain were promising a fair harvest. A horseman came dashing along the road and vanished into one of the city gates; the abbot scarcely heeded him.

"Peace and plenty!" he murmured to himself; "could they but last." Then turning, he left the platform and went down by the inner stair which led into the choir. Here he came upon John of Bayeaux. But the master builder was not, as usual, directing the work, for pale and with clenched fists he stood, the center of an excited group, and the abbot suddenly noted that all work had ceased and that ladders and scaffoldings stood deserted. Ah, and through the open door came the sound of wailing women's voices and the shouts of men. The abbot's ruddy face paled, too, thereat, for it all could mean but one thing: "The English!" a cry that had brought fear to Rouen more than once before. And there in the doorway appeared little Guy, the abbey pupil, beckoning excitedly, his message forgotten in his fright. The abbot turned and followed, and when he had crossed the quiet garden, where the fountain played in the sun and butterflies hovered over the flower-strewn grass, and entered his audience chamber, he found his fears to be true. The King of England was on his way to Paris and that way lay through Rouen.

"He must not pass this way," said Alain Blanchard and Robert Livet, who had come to

see the abbot. "We shall send word to the King at Paris, that Rouen will hold off the enemy and bid him send men to our aid."

But the abbot shook his head: "King Charles is ill. His advisers are timid and weak and his coffers empty. I fear the succor will be lacking."

Still the abbot did not see what else Rouen could do but resist. "Poor Rouen, poor Rouen," he sighed; "and, oh, my own church of St. Ouen!"

But when the visitors asked him to contribute money towards the defense of the walls, the abbot cried: "No; no; we monks are men of peace; our money does not go for fighting."

"But surely, to preserve our city —"

The abbot shook his head: "Wars there have been, and wars, alas, there will be hereafter. Rouen, however, is a strong city and will endure, although sore will be her straits. In her time of need St. Ouen will drain its wine casks to the last drop and empty its last sack of grain, and we monks will tend the wounded and bury the dead. But our money we need for the church; work on that must not stop."

The visitors, seeing that nothing would move the churchman, went away in displeasure. But for some time after their departure the abbot ran up and down the room in great agitation. "Stop building St. Ouen, indeed," he cried, half to his secretary, half to himself. "Just one hundred years ago the corner stone was laid, and now in this year of grace, 1418, we are not even half through. No, the English wars stopped the work once before; it must not happen again."

The abbot remained firm, although all Rouen railed at him. But he was mighty and had his way, and so while the citizens repaired the walls and buried their valuables, stone upon stone was set upon the church of St. Ouen.

And in July, the English King drew up before the city. At his approach the country people fled, for it fared hard with them. The English cut down and destroyed the waving fields of grain and drove off the flocks and herds until the fair fruitful country became a barren waste. At first, however, Rouen did not suffer greatly. For a while there was food enough, the walls shut out the enemy, and each man felt proudly that the town was a bulwark against the danger threatening the throne of France. John of Bayeaux with the rest gave of his strength to the walls, but his watchful eye still directed the work on the church. And it was good work, too. Each stone was as carefully placed, each ornament as delicately sculptured, each column as faultlessly reared, as though Rouen were the abode of peace and joy instead of a city in straits with the enemy encamped before her gates. To be sure, the work progressed but slowly, for as the days wore on more and more of the builders came down from the scaffoldings and changing their leather aprons for armor and their trowels and chisels for pikes and swords, exercised in the square or stood guard upon the walls. Still, whenever possible, they came back, for as good craftsmen they loved their work, and then, too, the monks paid well and the price of food was going up in Rouen.

If the square was a busy place, so too was the

abbey. Like the prudent ant in the fable, the monks had laid up stores for years until cellars and granaries were full to bursting. In times of peace they sold of these to merchants and traders, but now the abbot knew that they would be needed at home, and so the monks sorted and sifted and prepared for the days to come. At the first news of the English invasion the abbey pupils had been sent to their homes, all but Guy, who had no other home. The boys had been delighted when school closed, for getting an education was a painful process in those days, when a liberal use of the switch was supposed to quicken the intellect. Guy's schoolmates both pitied and envied him for being left behind. It was hard to keep on with all that Latin, but most exciting to be so near the fighting, they thought. Latin! no indeed, the monks were too busy for that just now and they had other things for him to do. Useless mouths were not to be fed in the abbey, nor would there, alas, be food for any such in Rouen before long.

"Come, Guy," said Brother Jacques, who was carrying great bundles of herbs, "there is work in the pharmacy; come and help us." Work there was, you may be sure, for the monks were preparing medicines, draughts, and salves. So Guy was given a mortar and pestle and set at pounding herbs and spices until his arms ached.

"Here, Guy, these pills must be rolled at once; come and help," cried Brother Jehan.

"These strips of linen must be wound for bandages. Where is Guy?" cried Brother Pierre.

But the abbot, when he came that way, said:

"Brothers Jacques and Pierre, when you go to work on the church, take Guy with you."

Yes, Guy too, helped build the church. Up and down the ladders he went, now bearing a message, now bringing mortar, now taking hammer and chisel and striking out a bit of ornament under the guidance of the master builder, and as he worked he learned many things. There were the great buttresses, for instance, in churches built in the fashion of St. Ouen; they were most necessary. They had to go up to keep the walls in place, for the lofty vaulting inside, pushed and thrust against the roof and walls and threatened to force them out. So the heavy masses of masonry, called buttresses, were put up outside at intervals along the walls. Without help, though, the buttresses could not reach the sloping roof. Flying buttresses therefore, leaped from the end of the buttresses to the roof, meeting the thrust from within, and where buttress and flying arch met there rose each time a pinnacle with a statue on top and leaf ornaments, called crockets, carved all along its edges. In the old days, churches had not been built so high. They had had round arches set on great thick piers, but now in the days of pointed arches, the builders wanted to go up as high as they could and by putting the strength outside, they gained space within. St. Ouen was going to be as lofty as any builder could wish, but to complete its beauty it needed three great towers, one in the middle and two on the west front. None of these, however, were as yet under way, and the abbot had begun to ask himself, if, after all, they ever would be built.

He still came to look at the work, but when he now stood among the pinnacles and looked out beyond the town walls he felt his heart fail within him. Of what avail was valor against the multitude drawn up against the city? The walls might keep them out, but the English King had cut off the way to Paris and he held the path to the sea. If Paris sent no help — but Paris would help! A couple of messengers had dared their way through the enemy's lines; through rocky clefts and streams and the great wood, and carried news of the town's plight to the King of France. And help was promised: "Keep your courage up, men and stores are coming," was the word brought back. The bells pealed the glad tidings and Rouen took heart again. Out through the gates dashed her brave soldiers, falling upon the English who were digging trenches and throwing up earthworks. But the English scrambled up from the ditches, dropped shovels and picks and seizing their pikes, which were always near at hand, rushed forth to fight. The earthworks went up in spite of interruption. When they were finished the commanders told the King, and asked when they should attack the town. Now Henry V was a warrior king and loved to fight, but just now he saw no need for it.

"It's wasting men to send them against those walls," said he; "we'll not attack, but wait here quietly until the town surrenders."

Then he sent back word to his good town of London, commanding fresh supplies of food and drink. "We'll be long before Rouen, let us have plenty," he ordered, whereupon every time the

wind was fair, ships came across the Channel, bringing beef and bread, wine and ale, to feed the army.

But to Rouen there came neither food nor help. Day after day went by, yet the promised aid from Paris never came. The bells no longer pealed forth joyous notes, they tolled the dead instead; and hunger, King Henry's ally, shut up within the walls, slew more victims than the men at arms in all their fierce encounters without. Bread was now become more dear than gold and the famous abbey loaves were greater guerdon to the builders than money ever had been in the days before. Pride, however, still upheld the citizens and they suffered without a murmur and only the youngest children were heard to cry for bread. Meanwhile the monks, whose garnered stores were fast vanishing away, sadly meted out smaller and smaller rations to the sick and poor, although every one in the abbey practised self-denial and gave part of his daily bread to the needy.

The portly abbot, alas, was now grown pale and thin and too weak to often climb on high. John of Bayeaux, too, was gaunt and seared and his garments flapped about him in the wind as he stood on the roof and shook his fist in the direction of Paris. "Haro!" cried he, and the fierce old Norman cry of defiance echoed strangely among the angel-crested pinnacles. The master builder paused, startled by the sound of his own voice in the stillness about him; no noise of creaking pulleys, no hammer blows, no cheery calls, were heard upon the church. St. Ouen seemed a half-finished ruin, towering above a deserted

city, and what the abbot had so strongly opposed had come to pass in spite of all he could do. The work had stopped, for in all Rouen there was no workman strong enough to move a stone, no hand steady enough to guide a chisel. And from the roofs there curled no smoke, no sparrows chirped upon the tiles, no pigeons strutted in the sun. In the square below, too, all was still and deserted; only from time to time a mournful group of hooded figures stole by with a bier. Rouen was a doomed city, yet even in those early autumn days, when every living thing that could be used as food had been devoured, when the hapless crow that might alight on a tree in the abbey garden was hunted as a choice bit of game, even then there was no thought of surrender.

The weather now was growing chill and storms were blowing in from the sea. Once more did the messengers penetrate the enemy's lines and bring back promise of help which never was to come, while outside the English waited and waited, knowing that the town was theirs. It was in these days that Guy learned to hate war. Yes, it was a fine thing to dash into the fight on a prancing steed and win fame or a hero's death. But to grow gaunt and wrinkled holding the beleaguered walls, to be driven back defeated after every sortie, to die of wounds which all the ointments of the monks could not cure because the body was too weak from lack of food — ah! this bore not so brave an aspect. And day by day Guy saw this side of the war, when he went out with the monks among the sick and dying and helped care for them. As they passed through

the abbey garden he cast longing glances at the church, but nobody went there to work any more.

"In a little while, a very little while, we shall go on with it," the abbot would say, "but now the poor need our care."

And there came a day when Rouen had to count its useless mouths, for there was no bread to fill them. What remnant of food there remained must be kept for the defenders, that they might hold the walls until relief arrived, but the others, the women and children and the weak old men, must quit the shelter of their homes and ease the city of a burden which it could no longer support. The decree was issued in sorrow and received with tears, but no voice rose to oppose it; the chief gate opened, the drawbridge was let down, and the sad procession passed out. Many of the exiles were never to enter in again, for bitter was the fate in store for them; their own city cast them forth, the English lines drove them back, and the inhospitable and barren plain offered but a few scant herbs and roots whereon they might feed. And here they huddled for days and weeks, while the watchers on the walls wept and prayed and scanned the horizon in vain for any sign of the coming relief. But none came, no oriflamme stirred the idly flapping English leopard banners into action; no glint of steel lighted the dark entrance to the wood; Paris would not, could not, help, and the end was very near.

Yes, the end was near. The abbot, supported by Brothers Pierre and Guy, stood upon the wall, hoping that his benediction would comfort some of the exiles below. It was Christmas morning,

but Rouen had no heart to ring her bells, and even the English were moved to compassion when they thought of the stricken city on this day of good will and peace. And while the abbot lingered upon the wall, he beheld a strange thing. From out the English camp came a train of men bearing trenchers piled high with bread and meat, a herald went before, and they marched straight across the plain until they came to the outcasts beneath the wall. Then the herald, stepping forward, cried: "King Henry of England, seeing that this is the blessed season in which all men feel kindly towards one another, bids you break bread with him this Christmas day."

At this there arose such a clamor of voices as hands stretched forth to seize the food, that the citizens within the town rushed to the walls in dire alarm. And while they were still marveling at sight of the feasting multitude, the herald approached the city gate. "Men of Rouen," he called, "the King of England invites ye also to dine at his expense to-day."

But the defenders, sadly tempted though they were at the sight of food, proudly declined, saying that the town was well victualled, and then pacing their dreary rounds, grimly gnawed the hard crusts which formed their Christmas dinner.

Aye, sad, indeed, was that Christmas in starving, hope-bereft Rouen. No little children were there to cry *noël,* no mothers to prepare holiday cheer. The abbot turned from the wall in sorrow and took his way to his church of St. Ouen, but as he entered within his sadness fell away from him at the door. Here was peace, here

hope once more possessed the soul. Like the giant trunks of some mighty forest, the gray stone columns lifted up and up, spreading and interlacing beneath the vaulted roof, for all the world like leafy boughs. Red and violet and golden light stole in through the matchless windows, which the monks had been filling in with Bible stories and although but few tapers burned that day — for wax was scarce — and the voices of the brothers sounded weak and faint, yet columns, light, and song soared upward, bearing the heart of man along and giving it strength to meet the cares and sorrows of the morrow.

Surely the dark days would pass; the darkest, indeed, had passed, for although a few days later Rouen was a conquered city and her gates opened to the English, yet her mothers and children came back, and her men could once more take up their daily tasks.

King Henry had not come to destroy, he claimed Normandy as his right and he desired its prosperity, and when he saw St. Ouen he said the work should go on; whereupon John of Bayeaux and his men, the monks and Guy, swarmed up and down the ladders and made the air ring with their shouts and the noise of tools. The abbot, every bit as portly as of old, came again to look on, and although neither he, nor yet the master builder, nor even the youngest of that generation, were to see St. Ouen finished, for it needed another hundred years for that, yet the work went steadily on and each year saw it growing more beautiful as the rose windows were added and the towers began to grow.

And far off to the east there was growing up a child, Joan, the grave-eyed, little shepherdess, who was to win his crown back for her king, and afterwards give her life for France in Rouen's market square. And when that time was come many of the old abbey pupils went with her to the fight and great was their joy when the English were at last driven across the Channel. As for Guy, he did not fight; he became a monk and bound up the wounds of others. In times of peace he worked on the church and became a skilled craftsman, who loved the church as dearly as did the good old abbot who long since slept beneath its floor. Brother Guy's work does not bear his name, but it was glory enough for him to know that it helped to beautify glorious St. Ouen.

THE STORY OF BERTEL

ONCE upon a time, more than a hundred years ago, there lived in the kingdom of Denmark a poor wood carver and his wife. They had a little boy named Bertel, of whom they were very proud, and who is his country's pride to this day.

Now Denmark is very nearly an island kingdom, so its people need many ships and spend much time in building them. In the king's city, in which Bertel lived, ships were being built all the time. They were of wood and each one when finished bore at its prow an ornament called the figurehead. Bertel's father was a carver of these images and as soon as the little boy was big enough he used to carry his father's dinner down to him where he was at work in the harbor. The harbor was a fine place, and it was great fun to watch the figurehead grow out of a block of wood. It was quite rude carving, it is true, but it took the shape of a mermaid, or a viking with winged helmet, or perhaps a sea monster, or fanciful bird, and when the ship was out in the water the figurehead lost all its clumsiness and made a brave show. On his way home, Bertel liked to linger in the square where the old bronze king sat on his bronze horse. Bertel never tired of gazing at him, he looked so strong and brave and beautiful. Once he even took a ride with him, but that was when some teasing boys lifted him up in front of the king and

then ran away, leaving poor frightened Bertel clinging to his perilous seat until a kind policeman got him down.

Sometimes, too, the little Princess from the castle would go driving by in her fine coach. She was so very lovely that Bertel would even forget his beloved king when he looked at her, and he wished over and over again that he might draw her picture. The Princess was a dear, polite little Princess, but she could not help smiling at the strange little boy in the patched and faded clothes and wooden shoes, who carried his father's dinner tied up in a red handkerchief and stared at her with such wondering eyes. But the day was to come when she would smile at him differently and Bertel would have his wish and make more than one picture of her.

But the pleasantest time after all was of a winter evening when the family gathered about the fire and father and grandfather carved out little models for new figureheads and told stories to beguile the time. Denmark, you know, is very far north, a cold and foggy country, and its people are shut up in the house a great part of the year. Perhaps that is one reason why they are so fond of fairytales and stories. So while the wind howled outside and snow and sleet beat against the window panes, Bertel took fireside journeys to distant lands.

Away he would go on the wings of fancy to frozen Iceland with its strange fiery Mount Hecla and its boiling geysers. He saw again an old, old ancestor in the long ago, sitting in his hall on soft white bearskin rugs and carving such wonderful

chests and shields that all who beheld them marveled at the magic of his art. Or he sailed away in the queer ancient ship with another ancestor to that strange new land beyond the sea. Many days they flew before the wind until at last they reached a rocky shore where none but red men dwelt. Here Bertel played about the beach with little Snorri, the first white child born in that land, and who was one of Bertel's forefathers, too. Together they clambered about the rocks after berries and flowers, or watched the building of the ancient tower, the walls of which still stand upon that coast.

But better still than all this it was to hear of the pleasant lands to which the ships in the harbor sometimes went. There it was never cold and foggy, like here at home, but the sun shone warm and it was summer the year round. Tall cypresses stood darkly against the blue sky and orange trees grew by the wayside and not in tubs like in the King's garden. And grandfather, who had been there, could tell of towers that looked like lace but were really of marble, and of cool, dim halls filled with the loveliest white statues, all of marble, too; oh, how Bertel longed to see this wondrous land!

And all the while that Bertel was listening his hands were busy with a knife and a bit of wood, and then, one day, it was found that he, too, like his father and grandfather and the ancient Iceland chieftain, could carve.

"Bertel must have some lessons," said his father, "then he can carve better things than ship's figureheads."

So Bertel went to the academy, where one learned how to draw and carve and model in clay. He was a good pupil and took prizes, and in his free time he helped his father with the figure-heads. Once he and his father together carved a gateway for the King's garden and Bertel felt pleased every time the Princess drove under it.

"Bertel can carve quite well now," said his father, "he needs no more lessons," but the teachers at the academy exclaimed at this.

"Oh, no, indeed," cried they; "Bertel needs many more lessons, but not here; we have taught him all we know, and he must go away to Italy, where he can learn more, for your Bertel is not going to be a wood carver after all; he will carve in marble and be a sculptor."

"That can never be," said Bertel's father; "I am a poor man and cannot pay for that and my son will have to content himself with being a wood carver like his father, only a better one."

"Oh!" cried all the teachers together, "that would be too bad; no, Bertel really must become a sculptor; the academy will pay for him and then when he becomes famous we shall all be so proud of him, and he can help you more than if he were only a poor workman."

And so it happened that one day Bertel got into one of the ships in the harbor and sailed away to the sunny land of his dreams. It was all even more lovely than he had imagined, and for a long time he went about lost in wonder and delight. But he must get to work, so he found himself a workroom and began to form his thoughts in clay. For many days, however, he was most unhappy

and broke up his models as fast as he made them. Then he would think, and study, and try again. One model, however, he did not destroy; this was a great plaster figure of Jason, the hero of the Golden Fleece, and Bertel knew it to be good. It stood in the middle of the large cool studio and everybody who saw it was loud in its praise. But nobody wanted to buy it, yet this was most necessary, for Bertel needed money: he had now been from home six years and he felt that it was not fair to let the academy take care of him any longer.

"I shall have to go back to Denmark and wood carving if marble carving does not turn out better than this," he said sadly.

So he packed his trunk and broke his models and bought a seat in the stage coach that was to take him from Rome on the morrow. But at the appointed time some accident prevented his departure and so, instead of being miles on his way, he was sitting on his trunk in the empty studio gazing sadly at his Jason, which was too large to pack and which he would not destroy. As he gazed thus disconsolately, there came a sudden knock at the door and in stepped Mr. Thomas Hope — and Bertel's troubles were over.

Mr. Hope was an Englishman who loved works of art, and he had come to visit the sculptor who had had the studio before Bertel, and who had been none other than John Flaxman. Mr. Hope saw the Jason statue and admired it so much that he bought it then and there and begged Bertel to get it into marble as soon as possible. How happy Bertel felt! Now he could help his father

and mother. He unpacked his trunk and from that day on was famous and had more work than he could ever finish.

Bertel had many beautiful thoughts as have all people who are kind and loving, although all do not have his happy gift of fixing them in marble. If he saw a pretty little girl dancing for joy, she became a little marble image dancing down through the ages until the stone shall crumble. If he saw a baby boy hugging his puppy, he thought of Cupid and his faithful dog and put the thought into marble. The dawn of a summer morning painted a picture for him in the sky and Bertel took a lump of clay and told it after as he saw it. With skillful fingers he traced out the smiling spirit of day, fanning a fresh breeze with her great strong wings. She scatters flowers over the awakening earth and the little cherub by her side swings his flaming torch to drive away the dark. Then he made a relief to match it. Ah, the night is tired and weary! See, she has folded her wings and is flying slowly. She looks dreamily down on the sleeping city below. Her little loves are fast asleep and her owlet alone is wakeful.

While Bertel was still studying in his Danish home a grievous war broke out in the kingdom of France. The king of that country and his people could not get on together; he was not a bad king, but the kings before him and their friends had treated the people badly and now the country was grown so poor that the people had no bread.

"The King must give us some," cried they; "he is the King, he must not let his people suffer; come, let us go to the palace and tell him."

So the great crowd armed with muskets and pikes, with clubs, with staves, with anything, marched through the city and out along the road to the royal palace. When they saw them coming, the King and Queen and the little Prince and Princess mere much afraid, but the King's body-guard, the brave Swiss soldiers, bade them not to fear: "We shall not let them in," said they, and they stood before the door. But the people would not be driven back, hunger had made them fierce and they were so many that they pushed on and on, forcing the guards back through the door and up the stairs, striking down one after the other until the last one had fallen. Then the mob crowded into the room where the royal family sat in fear and trembling and the King gave the promise which he could not keep. The King and Queen afterwards met with a sad fate, but that does not belong to Bertel's story.

The war was long since over now, but the people of Switzerland wished to keep alive the memory of the faithful Swiss guards.

"Let us put up a monument in their honor and get the best sculptor to make it," said they, and as Bertel was the best sculptor, they came to him.

"Fidelity and bravery, how can I best portray them?" said Bertel. "The lion is brave; I shall make a figure of a lion, wounded unto death yet still protecting to the last, the lily shield of France. And beside him I shall place the shield of Switzerland."

This beautiful and simple tribute was carved out of the living rock in a mountain side in Lucerne and every one who sees it thinks of the men who

were so faithful to their trust, and of the great artist who knew so well how to express it.

Yes, Bertel was busy and renowned; princes and kings were proud to have his work, and he had to take pupils and apprentices to help him. Some of these came from far away, from England and America, and a few among them became famous in turn. The great workroom which had once looked so bare was now crowded with casts and marble blocks and workmen, and from all the chisel blows, noise and confusion Bertel's thoughts stole forth one by one, snowy and simple and restful in form, and carried their maker's name farther than his fancy had ever flown.

But now the people at home in Denmark, and especially the King, begged him to come back to them: they wanted something of him too.

Yes, said Bertel, he would; but he must first finish his Alexander frieze with all its horses and men, and the statue of the great poet, which he was just beginning; and, oh, dear, yes, another monument for a tomb; and when these were done there were just as many new things which he must first do, so that it really seemed that he could not get away at all.

At last, however, he did manage it, and it was a great day when the ship bringing him came into the harbor. All the streets and houses were hung with flags and bunting, cannon were fired, and the students and school children marched in procession, and the King invited Bertel to the castle. The Princess was there, too, and she told him that he had brought great honor upon her father's kingdom and she begged him never to go away

again but stay there always and live in the castle. She also wished so much that he would picture her in marble, whereupon Bertel told her how he had longed to do that very thing in the days of long ago, when she had passed the little wood carver's son on his way to the harbor, and then they both laughed when they thought of the old times.

Bertel now lived in the castle and no one in Denmark, not even the King, was greater than he. He often walked about the old town and wondered that it should be so unchanged; in the harbor the ships were still coming and going and in the shipyards new figureheads were being carved, although his father no longer had to do this work. There, too, in the square, still sat the old bronze king. Bertel could now make as fine a king and even a better, but he was as fond of him as ever. One new thing, however, there was for Bertel to see; this was the new museum which was being built to hold his works alone. Here one may still see some of his first, some of his finest, and even his last unfinished piece, with the trowel still sticking in the clay and the print of his fingers upon it. Here, too, is his tomb and here he was laid to rest when at last his busy life was over.

This little boy Bertel, whose life was like a fairy-tale, is known to the world as Bertel Thorwaldsen.

MARQUETTE AND THE GREAT RIVER

THE cabin had no window and the fire which roared up the rude chimney furnished the only light. Pierre was stirring the kettle which held the dinner, Jacques was chopping wood outside, and Father Marquette lay on his couch of skins, gazing quietly at the changing pictures in the embers. They were all alone in the great wide prairie, these three, far from their beloved mission in the North. All that summer they had been exploring the wilderness and teaching the Indians, but when cold weather came on Father Marquette fell ill, so they built them a little hut beside the lake and waited for the spring.

Jacques came in, bringing the wood. "It has stopped snowing, but it's cold," said he, blowing upon his fingers; "I call this fine Christmas weather."

"Yes," said Pierre, "and Christmas dinner will soon be ready but I could wish for some guests to share it with us. Up at the mission now, they are ringing the bells and the Indians are coming from all the islands and our poor, dear, little church is crowded. Afterwards there will be a merry feast — yes, that's how I like Christmas."

"'Peace on earth and good will to men,' so sang the angels," said Father Marquette with a

smile, " and perhaps, Pierre, your wish has even now moved some kind soul to call in the hungry guest that could not come to you. And, Pierre, your dinner should have the proper flavor, for Christmas memories have been in the fire that warmed it. Old Christmases came back to me as I lay here watching it and my dear home town, Laon, rose there in the glow with all its walls and towers. I was a child again and it was Christmas morning. My mother took me by the hand and we came down the long street and into the square, all white with snow, but a great bright star shone out in the sky just above the church. We went inside and there was the Manger with the Holy Child and the Shepherds and Wise Men kneeling before him. *'Noël! Noël!'* cried the children in the street — when we celebrate Christmas again in the mission, we must have a Manger."

" But hark! What is that?" cried Jacques, lifting his head, but for all they strained their ears no sound came to them save the wash of the waves as they ran to shore. " But surely —" began Jacques. Ah, there it was again, a faint distant shout. Jacques ran to the door, " Christmas guests, four of them," he cried. " Quick, Pierre, put more meat into your kettle while I go to meet them."

" It must be the doctor," said Father Marquette to Pierre, who dared not quit his dinner, and so it was, for presently the door opened and in came the doctor and with him three Indians and Jacques. The doctor was a good neighbor even though he lived fifty miles away and he and his friend the trapper, who lived with him, had helped to rear

the cabin for Father Marquette. The Indians lived in their village not quite so far away. They carried each a sack which they now set down, and they said:

"We have come to our friend the Blackgown, with gifts and a prayer. These beaver skins are to make him a mat, these sacks of corn and pumpkins and dried meat are to keep hunger from his cabin. And our prayer is for powder and for axes and beads."

"And I," said the doctor, "have come for a visit and a friendly chat before the snow and cold pen me up in my own forest,"— but his coming was really because of Father Marquette's illness and a desire to help him.

Father Marquette, however, smiled and nodded to the doctor, but to the Indians he said: "Welcome, my children; I thank you for your good gifts and for coming so far to see me. Most gladly will I give you what you ask, all but the powder; this I cannot give, for I come to you in peace and to instruct you in prayer, and I would not see you make war upon the Miamis, your neighbors."

Then Jacques brought the chest and the good Blackgown took from it axes, knives and beads and other tools and trinkets and gave them to his guests in return for their gifts.

But now Pierre lifted the kettle from the fire and bade the guests draw near. He knew the secrets of the kitchen, did Pierre, and if there were no wild turkey to put into the pot, he could make dried bear's meat and pumpkin taste just as well. So they feasted about the fire, and after

they had eaten up everything they sat and talked. The Blackgown and the Frenchmen had had adventures on the great river and the Indians were curious to hear them. They knew the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, too, oh, yes, and their canoes had been borne on its current. But it was not to be trusted; on its banks were the picture rocks with spells set upon them by some dread spirit; within its depths lurked monsters ready to swallow up boats and men, and, if you escaped these, fierce and cruel men lay in wait beyond; surely great medicine must be theirs that had tried it and come back whole.

"Yes," said Father Marquette, "we passed the picture rocks, but the ancient pictures painted upon them can work no evil spells."

"But the monsters?" cried the Indians.

"We met with dangerous rapids, but no monsters opened their jaws to swallow us."

The Indians looked disappointed. "But the fierce men?" they queried.

"Yes, those we met," replied Father Marquette. "And they threw their war clubs at us," added Pierre.

"Ah," breathed the Indians, much relieved.

"It was down in the Southland where they sow corn twice a year and where the mosquitoes are more fierce than the heat," cried Jacques, who could tell all about the river too.

Then spoke the oldest of the Indians: "We pray the Blackgown and his friends to paint us a word picture of the river from its beginning to its end so that we may carry the tale to our brethren."

"The beginning of the river we did not see,"

said Father Marquette, " nor yet its end, for that was held by a hostile nation, but we were many days upon its waters and what we saw thereon I will gladly relate to you and my friends will help me remember. The spell of the river had been long upon us. Some said that it led westward to the sea, others that it ran south, and all that winter we made maps and plans and waited for the spring. It came in May and with it the Sieur Jolliet, who was to help, and then our bark canoes went out upon the lake. We took with us dried beef and corn, our hearts were light and every portage was a bed of spring bloom. We came to the village on Green Bay where our brethren had lingered years before. The cross still stood where they had placed it in the center of the village and it was hung with white skins, red-colored belts and other offerings to the Great Manitou. The chieftains came out to meet us and to them we said: 'The governor has sent Jolliet to find the river and Marquette comes with him to bring prayer to the people on its shores; give us, therefore, two guides to set us on our way.' This they did and they all stood on the bank next day to see us off. On and on we went, through bay and lake and river and the lovely land between. Our guides turned back and then, in June, the longed-for river at last lay before us, swift and broad and shining in the sun. No white man had been here before us and we knelt down on the bank and gave thanks to Heaven for having brought us so far. Gently the stream took up our frail canoes and bore them swiftly on through the silent places, for it was in truth a solitude

which encompassed us. No human form was seen, no smoke curled above the trees, save only that from our own fire when we landed at one of the islands which rose one after the other in our path. Moose and deer, we saw, and when we passed a plain, great herds of shaggy bison, but for days and days it was as in the time of creation when the earth was fresh and beautiful and green, when birds and beasts and fishes dwelled therein but man had not yet come to take his place in Eden. And then we saw footprints in the sand and a narrow beaten track in the tall grass beckoned to us as it ran on over the hill. 'Come,' cried Jolliet and we beached the canoes and entered the path. Warily we went and silently, for none knew what dangers might lurk beyond, nor what manner of men had trod where we now followed. But our quest led us straight into a quiet Indian village and seeing that no one came to greet us, we called aloud, saying that our coming was in peace. Upon this the old men issued forth, bearing the calumet and speaking words of welcome, after which they set a feast before us and offered gifts in token of their friendship. They were warriors of renown, the dread of their foes, but kindest of friends, and they called themselves Illinois."

Father Marquette paused and smiled at his guests, for they, too, were of this nation. They smiled back and murmured their approval, but the doctor shook his head. He knew that it is not good for sick people to talk too much, so he felt Father Marquette's pulse and said: "You need rest; let Pierre go on with the tale." Father

Marquette nodded and so did the Indians, for the medicine man must be obeyed, and Pierre began:

"It was a different river beyond the village; there had been fishes in it before, we had caught some of them too, but now when we looked down into the depths we saw monstrous forms with great round heads set with bristling quills not pleasant to see; they came up from time to time and more than once nearly overturned our canoes, but Sieur Jolliet did not fear them and our own Blackgown stood up in the boat and wrote about them in his book.

"We came to the picture rocks, giant figures covered their rugged sides, but they would have looked better without them and we hurried by. From beyond came a great sound as of rushing waters. 'A cataract!' cried we all, but it was a mighty river which sent its yellow flood into our clear stream and turned it sullen and murky. Trunks of trees floated by and the shores were far away. The stream grew broader and our good canoes looked very small upon it. Another yellow river tumbled its waters into our stream and here we had a most excellent dinner, for the woods on its banks were full of nice plump pigeons."

"Ah, yes," laughed Jacques, "Father Marquette and Sieur Jolliet are very fine explorers but if you want to know what there is to eat along the river, ask Pierre. But never mind, Pierre, those pigeons were good; go on."

"That river was the Ohio," said Father Marquette half to himself, "and soon after came the Southland where all was new and strange. We

seemed to be sailing on a great molten sea, the sky hung over us a steel blue dome and we breathed as in a fiery furnace."

"Yes," broke in Pierre, "it was hot, and the land when we came to it was flat and so low that the river sometimes stood upon it. Canes grew here stalk beside stalk until, as the Sieur Jolliet said, you thought yourself among a thousand masts. They have no winter in the Southland," went on Pierre, "and many good fruits grow there, but it is not pleasant under that fierce hot sun and at night, when you are most tired, the mosquitoes will not let you rest."

"Ah, those mosquitoes," cried Jacques; "the Indians down there sleep on platforms raised on poles with a fire underneath to smoke them out; we, however, built little shelters with our sails, for the smoke was not to our liking."

"It must be the hot sun which makes the Southland tribes so fierce," continued Pierre, "but we met with no more friendly greetings and our last adventure might have ended badly. Surly faces met us from the shore and war clubs were in the hands of those that watched us. But Father Marquette held up his calumet before them and the Indians made peace and offered us beef and white plums. But the next time they would not see the calumet and the war clubs came flying through the air, while the young men leaped into the water and made to seize our canoes. Ah, but the current was too strong and they could only yell and dance and wave defiance. Jolliet stood undismayed through it all and Father Marquette still showed the calumet even though the warriors were trying

the arrows to their bows. Then the oldest chieftain beheld the calumet of peace and at his command arrows and bows together fell in a harmless shower into the canoes and at our feet and the chiefs begged us to come ashore. 'Dare we?' asked Jolliet. 'We must,' said Father Marquette, and so we rowed in and had no cause to rue it."

"Yes," said Father Marquette, "our adventures ended here where the Arkansas came to join our river. Our new friends lived in houses built of clay and made fine earthen pots. They wore mantles of soft white bark and theirs was a land of plenty. The river's mouth, they told us, was but ten days' journey farther down, and there were white men living there. The way, however, lay through warring tribes, and knowing, too, that the white men were of a nation not friendly to our own, we turned our canoes up stream and toiled against the current until we came once more to where portage, stream and lake would bring us home.

"And that was the end of our journey," said Father Marquette; "and yet not the end, for the message that we carried to the wilderness will not be lost. Two thousand years ago, on this night, some poor shepherds followed a star which led them to where in a manger lay the Prince of Peace. After them came the kings with homage and gifts, and both the lowly and the great bore the message of love and good will forth into the world. We are bearing it still into the far ends of the earth, and when the spring comes again, and my illness, as the good doctor here tells me, will depart from me, I promise you, my friends, to come to you in

your village and teach you more about the message of the Star. But rest you now, for your journey on the morrow will be long."

Then the guests, wrapped in their blankets, slept on the floor before the fire, but Father Marquette lay on his couch and looked into the glow. And as he looked there came to him a vision: the walls of the cabin opened and the vast, lonely plain was no longer there. In its stead there arose a great city with towers higher than any in Laon, and as far as eye could reach, and farther still, stood house on house, stretched street after street, and the lights of the city were as the stars in the firmament. And the ice-bound river gave the city its name: Chicago; but the name of the plain itself, dotted with cities and hamlets and stretching away into the shadows of night, was that of the Indians sleeping on the hearth — Illinois.

And Father Marquette slept, too, while the stars stood out above the cabin and the moon shone white on the frosty wilderness.

MILLET AND HIS POOR FOLK

THERE were nine little Millets and they lived in Normandy on a farm. Father and Mother worked in the fields but Granny staid at home and took care of the children. And a dear Granny she was; she could smooth pleasant dreams into a pillow, she could tell wonderful stories, her tisanes cured the worst colds, her cupboard always held some treat. But the little Millets had been born into a workday world; their playtime was soon over and one by one they left Granny's care and went to work in the fields. Jean François was the next oldest, his turn came before long and proudest of boys was he the first time that he followed behind the plow. "I am almost a man now," thought he, and he bent his young back and gave his strength willingly to the task, for he meant to become a good farmer. Now to turn up the moist brown earth, to drop the seed into the furrows, to watch the field from sowing to harvest, to garner hay and grain, to swing the flail and to press out cider, all this does not mean an easy life but a useful and wholesome one and Jean François was tired but happy.

Yes, and if it had not been for a certain habit of his, Jean François Millet would, no doubt, have turned out a prosperous farmer with a comfortable grange and well-filled barns, instead of a painter,

THE GLEANERS

Millet

famous indeed, but very poor. But Jean François *would* draw. Thoughts came to him in orchard and field and when work was done or there came a holiday, he put them on paper. His father found him at it:

"Let me see what you have been doing," said he, and Jean François brought out his sketches.

They were done in black chalk and two of them were much better than the rest. One showed two shepherds singing and playing the flute under one of the orchard trees, the other was of a farm servant bringing food to a beggar sitting outside the barn. Father Millet studied them for a while, then he said:

"There may be something in them and we'll go to an artist and find out."

So on the next Fair day they set out for Cherbourg, where the artist lived.

"Dear, dear," said the latter, looking first at the sketches and then at Jean François, "Why have you waited so long? You were meant to be an artist and not a farmer and you must come here and be my pupil."

"I guessed as much," remarked Father Millet to himself.

Then they walked back to the farm and told Mother and Granny what the artist had said, and the good women cried a little at the news that Jean François was going away. But they were proud of their boy and when they dried their tears they mended his clothes and packed his chest and gave him good advice and a nice lunch and Jean François departed for Cherbourg. How strange it felt to be in a city, to walk on paved streets, to

see the foreign ships in the harbor, and so many houses and churches. As to the picture gallery, that was a place of wonder, and the library, too; indeed, there were many things to be learned in both and Jean François learned a few of them. And his teacher was pleased and allowed him to paint some of the drapery and hands in the great picture upon which he was engaged.

By and by the young painter sold a picture of his own and it began to look as though Fame might some day peep into his modest studio. Then his father died and Jean François had to go back to the farm and take his place. But city life spoils a farmer; Jean François could no longer draw a straight furrow and had forgotten all about seeds and crops and things went badly. Mother and Granny shook their heads.

"Jean François," said they, "you must return to Cherbourg and your own work; your brothers are growing up and the farm will do better without you."

"I have been expecting you," said the teacher, when Jean François got back, "and now I have news for you: the municipality is going to give you some money; I shall be able to add a little to it and you must go to Paris and study there."

To Paris, think of it! Jean François could hardly believe his ears and even after he was there he often asked himself, "Is it really true?"

Still it was not pleasant in Paris. There was hardly enough to eat in the little inn where Jean François was staying, no one spoke to him, and his fellow pupils in the studio laughed at his country ways. But Paris was wonderful, too;

there was the Louvre with all its paintings and statues; was ever place like it? And Jean François might study there! He found a friend, too, and they took an attic together and lived in true artist fashion, feasting when a hamper arrived from the country or they sold a pot boiler, and fasting between times. As to the art students, they were not so bad once you came to know them; in fact, some of Jean François' closest friendships were formed in the studio.

However, the pleasant student days came to an end and the young artist went forth to win fame from an indifferent world. Genius in an attic! Paris is full of it; well, let us see what this young fellow can do.

"Pictures, yes; doesn't paint badly, but what unpleasant subjects, nothing but work and poverty! We don't mind poor people if they are amusing and fit the landscape prettily, but people who work so hard and look so tired and spent make you feel uncomfortable. And they are ugly too, and dirty; really this Millet must use some of the mud of his native village on his palette," said Paris and smiled at its wit.

But Jean François was plucky; Fortune might pass him by and Fame be slow in coming, but he knew his own mind and kept on painting his poor people. By and by he sold a picture or two and took a wife and came down from his attic, for you can't very well keep house so high up. It was only two rooms that they lived in and the days of pot boilers were not yet over, but Jean François had painted his picture "The Winnower" and he knew it to be good; the spring sunshine came in at

the window and the little finch was singing in its cage.

"How pleasant it is here," said Millet's friend Jacque who had come to make a call. "That pot of mignonette reminds me of the country, but what do you say to a sketching trip to where it grows? I was told of a village which ends in 'zon'; it costs next to nothing to live there and it is full of studies; suppose we look it up."

So they went forth to seek the village. It was one of the many scattered through the forest and as they journeyed on they asked of the people whom they met: "Do you know the village which ends in 'zon?'" But, "No; it is not hereabouts," the people would reply.

"How strange," said the two friends, but they did not give up the search.

At last they met an old woodcutter, who scratched his head at the question: "I don't know of any unless it's Barbizon," said he slowly.

"But that's the very place; how do we get there?" cried Jacque.

"It does not lie on the road," said the woodcutter; "you must follow the little path here through the wood until you come to the cow gate and then you'll find Barbizon."

Yes, there lay Barbizon beyond the cow gate, a straggling village with its houses all set along one street and the forest once more closing in behind its fields and meadows, and —"Just the place for me!" cried both artists together, for there were the sheep which Jacque so loved to paint, and there too was a picture which reminded Jean François of the old farm and Granny. Three little chil-

dren on a cottage doorstep, waiting each its turn to be fed from the porringer in Granny's lap — how many times he too had been one of such a group, and he turned his head again and again to get another glimpse of the pretty scene as he went on up the street. There was a poor little inn in Barbizon and here the artists, who were poor too, all of them, lived all that summer. When it began to grow cold they thought of going back to the city, but Jean François could not tear himself away.

"Ah, but it will snow before long and the nights will be dreary and dark," said the other artists. "Think of cheerful Paris with its lights and crowds and gay shopwindows."

"I am not afraid of snow, and long nights are fine for study," said Jean François.

"And it rains all spring and the mud is frightful."

"Yes, but I'm a farm lad myself and can wear big boots; when you come back in the summer, I'll tell you all about it."

"Good-bye, then, until summer," said the artists.

So Barbizon became Millet's home. He lived in one of the cottages, there was a shed which made a splendid studio, and he had a garden to dig in. The peasants went about their tasks and he watched them and made their labors famous. There was the sower; he was strong and lusty and he went up and down the field scattering seed. His figure set off boldly against the sky and his weather-beaten clothes blended well with the brown of the soil. The earth was still bleak and the wind blew chill, but the promise of spring was

there and all of summer's green and autumn's gold lay in the sower's gesture.

The shepherdess, too, made a pretty picture where she stood in the shelter of the trees, knitting as she watched her flock, for she must not be idle. On the sunny slope her sheep cropped the young grass and shepherdess and sheep and sun and shadow caught Millet's eye as he walked there in the wood. Indeed, there were pictures in plenty all the year round at Barbizon if you only knew how to see them.

The days grew warm and the sun beat down fiercely on the earth. It is hard work then to hoe out in the field, but if the potatoes are yours you do not mind it so much. But the " Man with the Hoe " that Millet saw could call no field his own; he was one of the poorest of Barbizon's poor and all his days were spent in laboring for others. It had always been so and he did not question it; indeed, he was dull and never tried to think, and pray; why should he? The work was there to-day, to-morrow and every day; you stopped for a moment now and then to lean on your hoe for a little rest but you always went to work again.

" People may not like this picture," reflected Jean François as he was painting it, " but I must go on with it even though I show that the fair earth is sometimes cruel."

About this time when the potato fields were purple in bloom, the artists from Paris came back again. Jean François was working in his garden as he did every morning.

" What! " cried his friends, " you have turned farmer? "

" Yes, indeed, but come in out of the sun," and he led the way to the studio. But when they got inside there were all the pictures and sketches and they looked and looked and wondered. " Yes," said Jean François quietly, " the country is a good place for work." His friends thought so too and that autumn a number of them staid on in the village.

Barbizon now became famous and so many artists came there to paint that you could hardly get about for all the easels in your path, and the little inn had to have a new sign and more rooms, and the kitchen fire never went out. As to the artists, they each found something new to paint; one liked the oaks and quiet pools deep in the forest, another had eyes for nothing but sheep, a third found beauty in the little towns and hamlets lying by wood and stream, and Jean François kept on with his poor people and the story of their days.

" It was a little unkind of me," said he one day, " to make people feel so bad about their potatoes; a potato field is not always such a dismal place, indeed no; when autumn comes and the air grows just a trifle sharp and blue mists hang over the hills, then you take up your spade and dig in the earth for treasure, for if a good potato crop is not worth a pot of silver — why then I'm very much mistaken, that's all."

With this he took up his brush and painted a picture of a potato harvest. The afternoon sun yet lingers over the field but in a little while the world will be dark and cold. Hark! the sound of bells is borne on the air: " The Angelus," cry the farmer and his wife and they stop in their work

and stand with bowed heads and folded hands. Plenty at their feet, a blessing overhead, are not these poor people rich?

But the good farmer does more than rejoice in his crops and give thanks therefore. There is a custom that is kind, and as old as farming itself, and the farmer remembers and says to his reapers: "Do not reap the field too closely; leave something for the gleaners."

And the reapers, binding the sheaves, drop a handful of ears here and another there, and the poor venture after them and glean their tiny sheaves and the farmer's loaf is none the smaller for it but has in truth a better savor.

There were three gleaners in the field that Millet saw, two were young and agile but the third, all stiff with age and toil, stooped slowly to the task. And people looked at the women in their faded garments, at the soft sky and the pale gold of grain and stubble and they cried: "What a splendid picture," for they were no longer afraid of Millet's poor folk and talked about "The Angelus," "The Sower," "The Man with the Hoe," as though they had always thought them masterpieces.

And Fame came and money too, and Paris beckoned, but Jean François Millet would not leave Barbizon and there he dwelt and labored all his days, the farm lad who became a great painter but never forgot the farm.

ABE

ALL along the road little Abe had wondered what the new home would be like and Sally had tried to help him guess. Dad said that it would be much better than the old home, and now the last stream was forded, the last hill was climbed, and the wagon entered the wood. There was the house; that is, it was not quite a house; it had no doors or windows and only three walls. "We'll be right comfortable here until the new house is done," said Dad. Mother said nothing but set about baking a hoe cake, for they were all hungry.

The new home was in the woods and the trees had to come down to make way for the fields. Some of them went into the new house, some were cut up into firewood, and with a big roaring fire the camp house was not so bad unless it rained or snowed. Sometimes in the night Abe would wake to see two fierce green eyes gleaming out of the darkness, but when he screamed the vision always vanished away. When spring came the house was ready for the family to move in; to be sure, there were no sashes in the window openings and there was no door, but Dad said he would put them in later.

"Well, it's better than the camp," thought Abe as he climbed up the strips nailed against the wall and tumbled into his bed of leaves in the loft; "in-

deed, it's much better, for the wild things cannot look in upon you here."

The farm did not get on very fast and the fields of corn, wheat and potatoes took much time and were, oh, so small. Dad began to shake his head.

"I don't believe that this is such a good place after all," said he, "and they tell me that there are better farms farther west," but Mother did not like to hear him talk this way.

But now the days grew hot and the forest swamps sent out evil vapors and sickness fell on the settlers round about. Little Dennis, who was now living in the camp house, lost his father and mother and came to live with Abe and Sally. And then the children's own good gentle mother fell ill and after a while, she, too, was laid under a little mound beneath the trees. Then Sally and Abe and Dennis grew ragged and wretched, for Dad did not know how to care for them. He looked at them and shook his head; poor Dad, he was always shaking his head.

"Children," said he, "I am going away for a while. You boys must take care of the pigs and cows and Sally must bake hoe cake and potatoes. When I come back I shall bring you a new mother," and he mounted his horse and rode away.

Every day the children looked up the wood path but nothing stirred among the trees.

"But hark," cried Abe, "do you hear the horses? Many horses."

"And wheels," said Sally, and sure enough four horses came out of the wood and a wagon piled high with wonders; indeed, only Santa Claus's

sleigh could have held so many things. And down from the wagon stepped the new mother who owned all these riches, and after her came three children, Sarah, Tilda and John; they stood in a row and looked at their new brother and sister. Oh, dear, Sarah and Tilda and John were plump and red cheeked and they wore shoes and their clothes looked uncomfortably whole; there wasn't a tear nor a patch about them. Sally and Abe and Dennis felt ashamed and tried to hide behind each other, but the new mother drew them forth and kissed them.

The new mother was the real fairy godmother kind that can turn pumpkins into coaches, and the way she changed the poor little cabin and made it into a home was nothing short of magic.

"Thomas Lincoln," said she to Dad, "you are a carpenter, so please set about at once to nail together a door and put in some windows. And this earth floor will never do, we must have one of wood."

And when it was all done Dad looked at his work with pride and the children stood and rubbed their eyes, for the treasures of the wagon were set all about.

"A real table," cried they, "and store chairs," and could there be such a bed? But when it came to the bureau they were speechless. It was all of shiny wood and had a still more shiny top in which you could see your face much better even than in the brook.

"It's a mirror," said Tilda proudly, but the wood children believed it to be magic.

The new mother went to the bureau and took

clothes therefrom and she rubbed and scrubbed Sally and Abe and Dennis until they shone like the bureau and she clad them in warm whole garments, and she burned up the sleeping mats and the dried leaves and put them to sleep in soft beds; really, it was just like in a fairytale.

Yes, she was a good mother and she had fairy gifts, but even these were of no avail when it came to fighting the demon Poverty who laid his clutches upon them all. For Dad was poor and whether he worked in the fields or did carpenter work it was all he could do to feed so many hungry mouths. Of course the children had their share of labor, it was everyone's portion in that new land, but they grew comfortably plump, all but Abe, who was oh, so thin. "He needs to be fed up," said the new mother, and she tried her best. But Abe was different, instead of growing nice and round he began to shoot up and up until he was a young giant with long arms and legs and big hands and feet. And his skin was brown and leathery and his mouth was large and his ears — dear, dear, how could any boy be so ugly!

"Ugly?" His mother looked at him and being a clever woman she guessed that the ugly duckling was most likely a swan. She watched him trying to read a book, she heard him play at being preacher, and she said: "Abe must go to school."

"No, indeed," cried Dad, "that boy is lazy enough now; instead of shucking corn he stands around and makes speeches to the stalks; book learning won't help him plow or saw planks."

"I'm not so sure of that," said mother, "but

Abe must go to school"; and she kept on saying it until Dad at last gave in.

"But if there's any work to be done on the farm, Abe must stay home and help," said he.

The schoolhouse was a rude cabin; the floor was of earth, the windows were filled in with the oiled leaves of old copybooks. Lazy pupils could not learn much there for the teacher had little to give, but Abe needed only a sign to find the way himself, and this was well, for never had the farm work been so exacting as now when he wanted to go to school. Oh, well, you can repeat things over to yourself while you work and orations sound very well out under the sky.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears!" shouted Abe to John and the corn stalks, but Dad came up.

"Get to work, you idle boy," cried he angrily; "what do you expect to be when you grow up, I should like to know?"

"President," grinned Abe as he started to hoe with vigor.

"I'll take away that life of Washington that you are reading," growled Dad, but Abe felt sure that nobody could guess where it lay hidden in a crack in the wall.

Abe and John came home tired and hungry; John lingered over his supper but Abe took a piece of corn bread and a book and curled himself up on a settle by the fire.

"Say, Abe," cried John, "I thought you were going down to the village store to-night?" but Abe did not hear.

"Abe's reading again," lamented Tilda.

"Yes, and he promised to tell us more about Robinson Crusoe," added Sally, but Mother said sharply:

"Leave him alone; he wants to study."

It was arithmetic this time and Abe was doing problems; he worked them on the wooden shovel and he whittled them off and tried others, and he worked and worked — the family were all asleep, John had long since come back from the store and crept up to the loft, but Abe still worked on in the firelight.

"This is not a good farm; I always said so," declared Dad. "And now we are going to a better one out in Illinois where you really can see things grow." So once again the family possessions were loaded on a couple of wagons and forth fared the Lincolns and some of the Hanks in search of the blue flower which they could not find near home. The oxen plodded over the bad roads, mud clogged the wheels, the streams were hard to ford. Abe drove and brought them safely to their journey's end. He helped rear the house and split rails for the fences, then he said goodbye to farm life forever, for the time had come when he must leave home and seek his fortunes elsewhere.

On a bluff above the river lay the town of New Salem. It had but one street and everybody knew everybody else.

"This is going to be a great town," said the inhabitants, "for our boats can carry things up and down the river and all the country round about must trade with us."

Abe was clerk in the general store and had to

remember many things, for you might expect to find anything you wanted there; shoes or nails, sugar or guns, dishes, pins, plows or calico. But no matter what it was, Abe could always put his hand right upon it. At night he slept under the counter and both day and night he always found time to study. New Salem knew about it of course and talked the matter over.

"Grammar," said the good people; "what does Abe Lincoln want with that? Help him with his speeches, will it? Pshaw, he tells a good enough story without it. And LAW! Whoever heard the like?"

New Salem went about with head-shakings and looked with awe at ugly Abe sitting book in hand under the tree before the door or pushing aside a lot of papers to clear the counter for a sale. But Abe only laughed and told more new stories and he helped his friends settle their disputes and drew up deeds for them and they thought it a very fine thing to get a lawyer's advice for nothing. Abe was as ugly as ever, he was poor, the upward climb was steep and thorny and the pleasures of life were not in his path, but he would not return to the farm.

"I must follow my star," said he to himself; "it burns red sometimes and dread, yet what can I do but follow?"

But he never told New Salem of his star; he told it funny stories instead and smoothed out its law troubles and sold it calico and sugar. All the while, however, Abe was rising in the world, from clerk he became storekeeper and he learned more grammar and more law from day to day, and

every time he made a speech people came from far and near to hear him.

"Ah," said New Salem, "our Abe knows a thing or two; let us send him to the state capital and have him help make the laws for Illinois."

And, sure enough, when election time came this high honor fell to Abe. But when he set out for the capital he had to borrow a horse and money for a suit of clothes, for a lawmaker may be ugly but he must make a proper appearance.

"Yes," thought Abe as he rode along, "honors have to be paid for and they sit heavily on a poor man; yet who would decline them?"

Riches did not come to Abe in the capital but much fame and a modest home, and best of all, he now had a real law office; oh, yes, indeed, he was proud of that. But this was not all; Abe became a congressman and went to Washington, not on a borrowed horse this time, and with money enough of his own to buy a coat.

"Think of it," said New Salem at the news; "Abe Lincoln lives in Washington now and walks up the steps to the Capitol every day. He used to sit right out here under this tree reading his law books and we laughed at him," and all the fathers in the town made up their minds to buy "Blackstone's Commentaries" for their sons.

And there came a day when New Salem wondered even more and when Abraham Lincoln's name was in every one's mouth. He had won the highest honor his country can give; he was made its President.

"Ah," said New Salem, "we all knew him here and we feel proud of it."

" Who would have thought it? " said Dad, but Mother answered.

" I am not at all surprised."

Then she cried a little. " Poor boy, poor boy," said she; " I fear that your days will be full of trouble."

Yes, trouble and a tragic end awaited him, but also enduring fame and the love of a nation to whom no name has a dearer sound than that of Abraham Lincoln.

ST. MARK'S SHRINE

WHEN the shipmasters and captains came back from their voyages and told of the wonders they had seen, the stay-at-homes opened eyes and ears and marveled, for life in Venice was still most plain and simple. But the sea was already beginning to lay her pearls at the feet of the young republic and the bearded mariners never came home empty handed, while the Doge, sitting in state in his golden robes and jeweled corno, dreamed of a wonder that must come to Venice. Did he dream it aloud? — the Doge was a mighty man and his very thoughts obeyed him — for lo, on a day, there sailed in a ship bearing in its hold a treasure, not gems this time, nor marbles; no, these were as dross beside it; and they came, the good people of Venice, and rejoiced for here was the wonder, the body of their saint and protector, even Saint Mark himself, borne away from his tomb in Alexandria. How won? By gold? By artifice? Oh, the merchants — for they were but two simple merchants that had done this thing — the merchants had a tale to tell; strange enough it was and full of miracle and mystery, and the Doge, sitting in state, with senators and populace round about, heard and smiled and marveled with the rest.

Then spake the Doge: "This happy event cer-

ST. MARK'S — VENICE

Central Arch of Façade

tainly portends good. Let us therefore seek to enshrine our Saint worthily and build for him a church that people shall come from far off lands to see."

And they began the church, but builders and craftsmen were there none in all Italy meet for such a task, so they brought them in from Byzantium and the East, workers in stone and mosaic and builders who could raise domes and arches. This first church was not large, for there was not much space to put it in and the great square had not yet come to be. Safety the islands could give and a footing, but space — man had to win that by force from the sea. Humble, indeed, had been the beginning of the poor little islands in the lagunes. Earth from the mountain farmer's field and the wild goat's pasture had helped in their making. The spring freshets in their yearly endeavor to level the eternal Alps, brought down rocks and clods in their headlong course until the languor of the plain overcame them and they left their burden among the rushes of the sea marshes.

And the islands grew and men took refuge there. They drained the marshes, sank piles beneath the waves, reared their dwellings thereon and waxed strong, growing into a city, into Venice, not yet the Sea Queen, but with her young hand already reaching for the scepter.

And now the fine new church was going up. But the builders did not begin with the walls; no, that was not the Byzantine way of church building. They thought first of the columns and the Doge took them to where lay a number of splendid marble shafts and capitals.

"These came from the old Greek temples in Sicily," said he; "I brought them from there long ago."

"Just what we need," cried the builders in delight and they measured the columns and counted them. There were enough to form two rows the length of the church and from their height the builders planned that of the walls. These they now built round about of brick, rounded off one end to form the apse, set up the columns so as to divide the central space, or nave, from the aisles, spanned the capitals with low round arches, covered it all with a flat wooden roof, and there was Saint Mark's church. But it was not yet worthy to receive him, far from it! The outside might, indeed, remain as it was, of brick laid in sober patterns and with here and there a marble ornament, but the inside — ah, that was a different matter, and the many little windows under the roof were meant to light up the figures of angels, saints and holy persons which the craftsmen now set on apse and upper walls. Bits of colored glass and marble they put together, and, lo, the great figures, in robes of blue and red and purple, gazed calm eyed and majestic from out the splendor of their golden background. And the lower walls were sheathed in marble, creamy white, veined with rose and green and blending into patterns, and when the floor, too, was laid of marble work, smooth and hard and many colored, then, indeed, Saint Mark might enter his church.

He rested well within for more than a hundred years, the good Evangelist, the while his winged lion guarded Venice. But there came a time when

an unworthy Doge sat in the chair of state and the people rose up in wrath against him. He tried to hide from them behind his palace walls, but:

"Smoke him out! Smoke him out!" cried the populace and they ran with flaming torches and fired the palace. The Doge came out and was slain, but the angry flames leaped higher and higher and burning brands fell upon Saint Mark's church.

"Put it out! Put it out!" shouted the people, but no one could do that; the fire was all too fierce. Yes, and there they stood, the next day, among the ruins and looked upon what they had done.

"Our good Saint Mark, what has become of him?" they wailed.

Then said the new Doge — there always had to be a Doge, you know —"Cease your regrets, people of Venice; Saint Mark is safe and his church shall rise again, more beautiful than before; all my fortune do I give unto it."

Then again workers and craftsmen were called in from the East. The chief builder was lame. Said he to the Doge: "Fair indeed shall be your church and my best work will I put into it, do you but promise this to me; to let my figure stand in stone within, to my credit and renown, so that people through all time may say: 'Behold, 'twas he, that built it.'"

The Doge gave his promise, but when the church was finished, he shook his head: "How would this lame architect look among all these noble and splendid figures? No, let him be put outside, in a corner, where his presence may not offend." It was done as the Doge decreed, and the figure of a

cripple, leaning on crutches and biting his fingers in anger, is still pointed out in the porch as that of the lame architect.

Many parts of the old church had been saved and set up in the new, the priceless old columns were nearly all there and some of the old mosaics, and Saint Mark was once more back in his tomb after something of an adventure. He had been so carefully hidden after the fire that for a time he seemed lost altogether and it had required a miracle on his part to help find him.

For a while the Venetians still regarded their church with awe and pride, but they were fast growing rich, and the Doge, when he went out in his barge for a ride on the Grand Canal, smiled proudly at sight of the new marble palaces, each more splendid than the one before, that on either bank were crowding the modest dwellings of the early days. The young trees of the little gardens were already peeping over the walls, and along the white arcades hastened Moorish slaves in gay attire, attending their lords and ladies down the landing steps into the gondolas and barges waiting there; life in Venice was no longer plain.

But other cities in Italy were also growing strong and the art which was to make them famous was having its beginning and they of Venice heard with amaze of the wonderful cathedrals going up in Pisa and in Florence.

"This will never do!" cried the Venetians; "we have emperors and popes visiting here, and indeed, our church is too small. Let us set about enlarging it at once." All Venice agreed to this and for the third time the East was called upon

for a builder, for Venice still had no artists of her own.

The church was to be made larger, yet there was no space to do it in. "Aha," thought the architect, "here's where I'll show what I can do." Then he said to the Doge; "Longer, no; that would spoil the square and the palace, but wider — yes; we can do that by clearing things away on either side, the north wing of the palace on this and the small ancient church on the other."

The Doge at first shook his head over all this tearing down, but as nobody could suggest anything better, it was done according to the architect's desire. He, being a Greek, of course built after the Eastern fashion, so that Saint Mark's church took on the form of a Greek cross, in which all the arms are of equal length. This part of the task did not perplex the architect, he set up the transepts, or side arms, in the cleared spaces and the thing was done; but his builder's pride centered in the domes, five of them, with which he crowned his work. These domes were not the lofty, space-defying affairs the Italian architects were later to erect, but were raised on supports, called pendentives, quite in the ancient manner, but they were domes for all that, adding space and dignity to the church, and beauty too, for the mosaic workers made them into luminous globes thronged with saints in golden splendor.

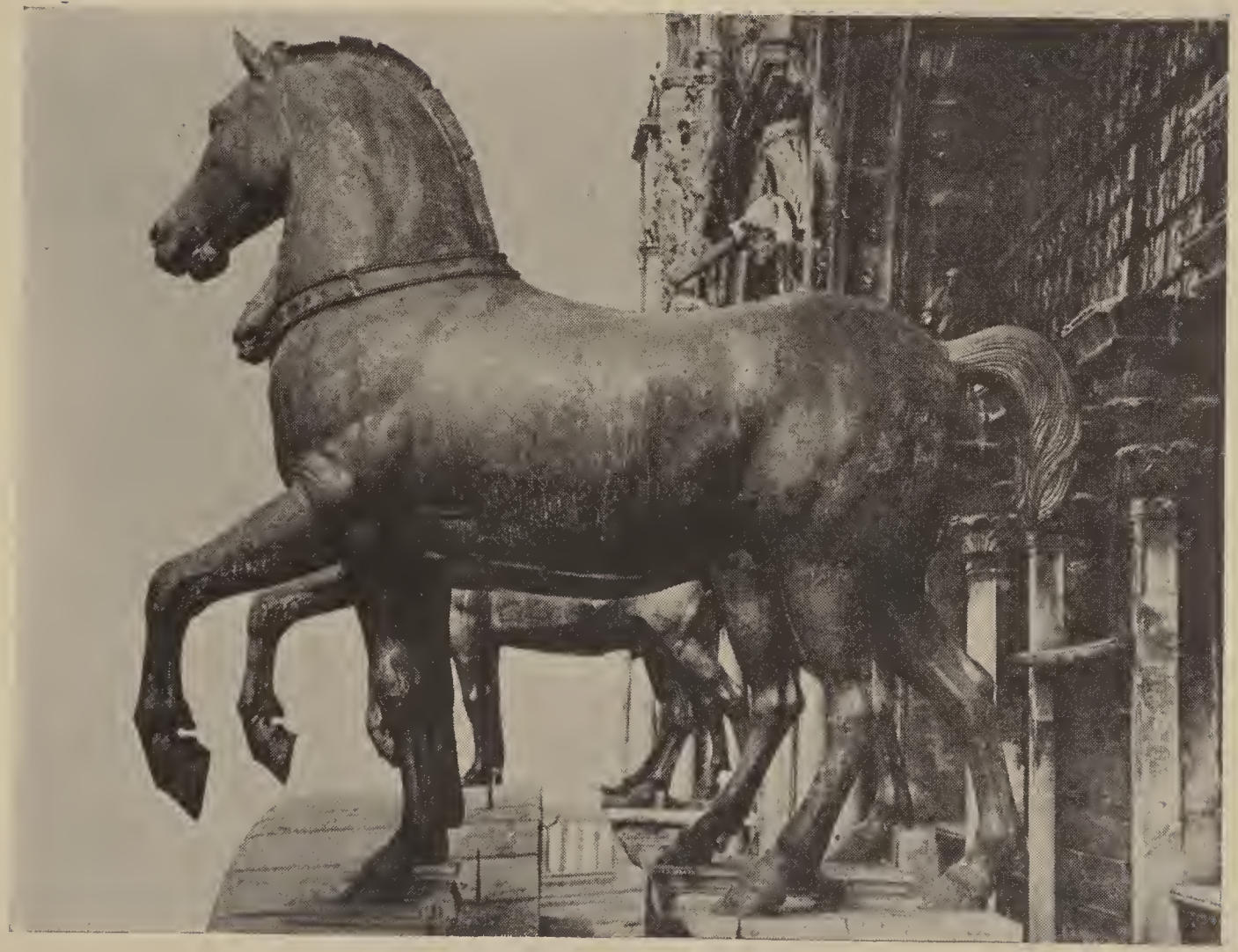
In front of the church there was, of course, a porch. Here gathered the penitents and other worshipers, who for some cause were not deemed worthy to be received within, but yet might from afar have part in the devotions. This porch the

builder extended and carried around the sides to meet the transepts and if the church wasn't large enough now, the Venetians just wanted to have somebody say so. Indeed their hearts swelled with pride every time they stood before it and gazed upon the five arched doorways. Florence and Pisa might have their cathedrals and welcome, Venice had her Saint Mark's.

But it was not architects and craftsmen alone who built Saint Mark's church, many good Venetians also had a hand in it, for to help in its adornment now became the duty of every citizen. No ship was expected to return to port without some tribute, every ambassador, every merchant had his mind on it. "Buy, beg, or — steal," ordered the Doge, "but let us have something."

As to that, Venice had but to ask to have, such power was hers and such might. A hundred cities sued for the favor of the proud republic and the winged lion waxed strong on conquest and on spoil. He sat on his column in the square and saw rich booty brought in.

The builders sometimes looked surprised at sight of some of their strange material but they always said: "Yes, it's just what we need. These great pillars are most ancient; see, there are inscriptions in strange characters upon them. These we shall set up inside, but these others, the slender green shafts, must have white capitals and go in groups about the doors. Doors, too. Yes, we need more doors. Here are some of bronze; but look, how different they are from the new ones we have just been casting. These are of wood, overlaid with bronze, and delicate silver work



BRONZE HORSES

St. Mark's — Venice

marks the patterns; those ancients certainly were clever people."

Sometimes the shipmasters brought in gold and uncut gems. These the goldsmiths took — there were skilled gold workers in those days — and wrought into chalices, all gold and enamel set with pearls and red and green stones; or cases and shrines to hold sacred relics; and they restored and made more splendid the great golden altar front, which had come from Byzantium long ago, a rare piece of work with many figures in delicate enamel upon it.

And treasures kept pouring in and were set on walls, on floor, in shrines, until before long there was scarcely a stone in Saint Mark's without its history. All this, to be sure, took years — many of them; but there was the joy of seeing things grow and beauties unfold one by one like so many lovely flowers and the light and brightness of the inside creep out little by little and shine on the sober front.

"We have made the beginning with the green columns about the doors, let us keep on," said the Venetians.

Of course they covered the bricks with marble — this was to be expected in marble Venice — but they added pinnacles and galleries and set statues there. Over the doors, in the course of time, appeared pictures in mosaic, and high over the chief door throned the winged lion with his book against a background of blue enamel studded with gold stars. And then the horses came to keep him company. There were four of them, of bronze, and, oh, what an exciting day when the

ship brought them in. Horses in Venice! Why, griffins and unicorns would not have seemed more strange, and many were the eyes in the sea city that now beheld for the first time forms such as these. Fine horses they were and great works of art and nothing in Venice was as old as they. Much of the world had they seen too, nor were their wanderings yet quite over. To Venice they came as spoil from Byzantium, where they had adorned the great hippodrome; but Byzantium's emperor, in his time had borne them in triumph to his city, which he hoped with the beauties of fallen and humbled Greece to make into the rival and the more than peer of Rome. And the horses arched their proud necks and pawed the air before the lion of Saint Mark as they had done in the hippodrome and in the long years before, ere their maker's name had been forgotten and their home become a mystery. Venice made their unbridled pride the symbol of her own and for six centuries the salt sea was fresh in their nostrils. Then came a day when the horses left their proud height and fared as prisoners over the sea to France to grace the triumphs of Napoleon. For eighteen years they stood under the pale sky of the northern capital, yoked to the conqueror's triumphal chariot, and Napoleon felt the thrill of pride every time he thought of how the wonders of antiquity were being linked to his new fame. For eighteen years the lion of Saint Mark mourned for his lost companions, but one day they returned; for the bold Corsican's empire tottered and fell as once had done the Empire of the East and when this came about, the people of Venice once again went forth

to meet the ship bearing in the four bronze horses and once again they set them up in their place of honor above the church door.

Was it any wonder that the old Venetians should love their church when they put so much of their life into it? In the great square of Saint Mark, the square which, too, had been growing and widening and stretching with the fortunes of the republic, here under the shadow of Saint Mark's lion, all Venice came to play its part. Fairs were held here and processions; here crusaders waited to take ship for the Holy Land; artists here displayed their work — Venice had artists now to add to her fame — the great bell tower rose above the church, a beacon to the mariner and the guardian of the city, for while the watchman on its top sounded his half hourly bell, all was well with Venice; in their loggia beneath the tower the procurators met in solemn council; great lords and beggars gathered here; Moors and Turks and fair bearded merchants from beyond the Alps all sought the square. At times the sea slipped in over the pavement on a friendly visit, lapped the steps of the church and the Doges' palace and then ran out again, leaving behind seaweed and shells and pearls, perhaps, for Venice was the sea's dear spouse and yearly did the Doge renew the bond, when he went out in his great barge of state and cast the symbolic ring into the waves.

There is no longer any Doge in Venice and the glory of the great republic is a thing of the past. It is a dream city over which the lion broods; for though the palaces and gardens are there still, the gay lords and ladies and their Moorish slaves and

pages linger only as frescoes on the walls. The great bell tower, as though weary of watching for the argosies that never come, crumbled and fell all in a heap, but Venice could not do without its tower and it was built up again, just as before, with its golden angel atop, and the gray and rose pigeons once more flutter about its mighty shaft. Saint Mark's church still shines with marbles and with gold, and time has softened and made it more lovely than when it was new; the lion still fronts his background of blue and stars and the horses paw the air and snuff the salt sea air.

And surely the prophecy of the good old Doge has come true, for people come from far off lands to see the church wherein sleeps the good Saint Mark.

FAIRYTALE AND THE BROTHERS GRIMM

FAIRYTALE stepped into the room. It was warm and cosy; dark pictures hung on the walls, there were many books and on the window-sill stood blooming plants: outside it was snowing.

Wilhelm Grimm looked up; he had not heard Fairytale come in but he knew she was there.

"Oh, but —" said he, "I am very busy just now."

"Well then, I'll go visit Jacob," pouted Fairytale, starting for the next room.

"No, no, don't do that," exclaimed Wilhelm in alarm. "Jacob is even more busy than I; he is working on his grammar. It is a learned and serious piece of work and he must not be disturbed. You had better stay here."

"Yes, I should like to," said Fairytale as she snuggled down in the big arm chair. "It is so pleasant here," she went on. "The pink primroses called to me from the window, that's why I came."

"They are birthday flowers," smiled Wilhelm; "mine was the other day and I found a pot of them in the window, as I do every year. Jacob loves heliotrope, but I think there's nothing sweeter than primroses."

"They do look like a bit of spring," mused Fairytale. "And look, how it is snowing outside.

Your window is a little fairytale in itself."

"Yes," said Wilhelm softly, "it reminds me of the little house in the wintry wood and of the little girl that swept the snow from before the door and found red, ripe strawberries there. I put that tale into the book the other day."

"Oh," said Fairytale with a little shiver, "please, don't talk of the wood in winter. It is so cold and drear and the snow is deep; all the wild things hide in hollow trees and caves and I am all alone. I slip out then and watch the friendly blue smoke curl up from the chimneys of the little thatched huts on the forest's edge. Ah, and better still, I steal within and sit in the chimney corner like Cinderella, with my feet in the cosy warm ashes. You have her in the book too, I suppose?"

"Yes, to be sure. My brother Jacob, who is so very learned and clever, says that she is oldest of fairy children and that she was a princess in far off eastern lands before she became a cinder wench and sat by the northern fireside."

"He is right," said Fairytale with a wise nod; "and she never forgot, and the firelight comforted her and showed her pictures of the things that had been until the magic slipper made them all come true again."

They sat quite still, Wilhelm and Fairytale, as though they heard some faint, faraway voice. The little flames in the white stove crackled and the wind sang in the chimney. Fairytale gave a little sigh of content and Wilhelm said to himself: "It is indeed strange, how old some of the pretty tales are and how many tongues they speak. Over

the border in other lands and even beyond seas Little Red Ridinghood meets the same wolf that lurks in her path here at home and Sleeping Beauty's enchanted castle lies hidden in all lands where roses grow."

Then to Fairytale he said: "Jacob and I have gathered many of the old tales but many are still wanting; surely you have some to tell me."

"Oh," cried Fairytale, "indeed I have; but not here in a study among all the learned books. And the inkstand and the pens frighten me. No, Wilhelm, you must go to the fairytale woman in the little hut under the hill. She knows all of mine and has the gift of telling them. And I shall be there whenever you come."

Jacob Grimm looked into the room: "Why Wilhelm," he cried, "you are sitting in the dark." And sure enough, it was time to light the lamp. But Fairytale was gone.

"Let us go to the fairytale woman," said Wilhelm Grimm to his brother Jacob. So they went out under the old gateway beside which stood the oak and where the little Savoyard played his hurdy gurdy. They crossed the square where the soldiers came to drill and then walked along the broad avenue which leads to the castle and all the little villages by the way. The castle showed far off through the trees.

"Dear, dear," said Jacob with a smile, "every time I see it I think of the time that merry King Jerome lived up there and I was his librarian. What an easy task was mine! The King never asked for a book and nobody else was permitted to have any, so there I sat with them all about me

and could study and write to heart's content. It did not last long however, and when Jerome lost his kingdom all the books went with him to Paris."

"Yes, but you were sent after to bring them back," cried Wilhelm.

"To be sure I was," laughed Jacob. "Nobody knew them better than I and so here they are all back again on their old shelves."

Wilhelm nodded his head and smiled for he was a librarian too and loved books, but Jacob, lost in thought, now began to walk very fast. He did this sometimes when he forgot that his brother was not so strong as he and must walk slowly.

"Hold, hold?" cried Wilhelm; "you are going too far, Jacob; the fairytale woman lives in a hut and not in the castle; we turn down here."

The fairytale woman was very poor and the war had brought sorrow and six orphans into her hut. But Fairytale would come and put her arms about the old dame's neck and lay her golden head against her cheek. Then the hut would become splendid and the children might forget their torn shoes and the smallness of the loaves when Granny began: "Once upon a time."

The fairytale woman's hut might have belonged to Little Red Ridinghood's Granny; there was the bed in the wall, there stood the wooden chairs and the painted chest, and in the glass cupboard were the dishes. The old woman sat in her armchair beside the stove and she began:

"Once upon a time there was a tailor and he had a son who was so big and strong that his father did not know what to do with him. He could not be taught a trade because he shattered

everything that was put into his hands and he was so lazy withal that he would rather sleep than eat.

"'Son,' said the father at length, 'I am a poor man and can no longer support you; go forth into the world and seek your fortune. Over beyond the mountain lies Lazyman's Town; if the people there once behold you they will make you their King.' But he only said this to get rid of him.

"'Good,' said Lazykins and he journeyed on until he came to the mountain. Up one side he went and down the other, sleeping much by the way and of every one that he met he inquired the road to Lazyman's Town, but nobody could tell him.

"By and by he came to a town with high walls all about it. The sun was hot and Lazykins tired, so he sat down in the shady gateway to rest. But he was so big that he filled it all up and nobody could either enter or leave the town. The townspeople asked him to go away but he only laughed at them. Then they brought great stones and cast them upon him, but he said: 'The gnats are quite bad this year,' and brushed them aside. Next they came with a millstone which they dropped from above on his head but it slipped down over his ears to his shoulders and he said: 'Thanks for the pretty collar.' At last they brought the heavy church bell and hoped to crush him beneath it, but it lodged on his head quite jauntily and he clapped his hands and cried: 'What a dear little cap! I have always wanted one but my father was too poor to buy it for me.'

"'We cannot get rid of him thus,' thought the

towns people, 'but there is still another way.' Then they said: 'Lazykins, do you see the castle up yonder on the hill? The King's daughter lives there but she is bewitched and her father has promised her hand to him who will deliver her from her enchantment. And after he shall inherit the kingdom.'

"Then Lazykins bethought him that he was seeking a kingdom, so he came out from under the gateway and climbed the hill to the castle. At the door he was met by a fierce lion who rolled his eyes and roared aloud, but Lazykins, all undismayed, lifted his stout oak stick and laid him low. Then he walked on and on through a hundred empty rooms until he came at last to the tower chamber wherein sat the Princess with her gray cat Lisa. And when he came in thus with his millstone collar and his bell cap in his hand, the gray cat arched her back and spat and the Princess was sore afraid. But she put on a bold manner and cried angrily, 'Where was my lion porter, that you dared enter here?'

"'I saw no lion,' replied Lazykins, 'but at the door a little yellow dog tried to bite me and I tapped him with my stick.'

"At these words the Princess turned pale, but the gray cat rubbed against her, so she said sweetly, 'Will you not stay here and be my porter and guard my gate?'

"And Lazykins said, 'Yes,' for the Princess was very beautiful.

"But that night, for once, Lazykins could not sleep, and he heard the sound of voices through the wall. 'What shall I do, Lisa?' the Princess

was saying; 'my spells will not work; he is too strong.' 'Bid him saddle and bridle your black horse,' replied the cat; 'he does not know that he must cover the creature's eyes before he slips on the bit, and at sight of the golden bridle it will blow fire from its nostrils and burn him up.'

"But in the morning Lazykins went to the stable and covered up the horse's eyes. And he took the silver bridle and not the golden, and when he had put it on and the saddle also, the black horse was no longer there but a gentle white palfrey stood in its place. When the Princess saw the palfrey she swooned away, but the gray cat purred into her ear and she came to and dissembled, saying it was the heat that turned her faint.

"But that night Lazykins again heard the voices through the wall. 'What shall I do?' cried the Princess, and the cat replied, 'Send for the enchanter; he will know what to do.' So the Princess sent for the enchanter, but Lazykins watched for him from the wall. And when he heard him knock at the door, he leaned far over and dropped the millstone right on his head. And that was the end of the enchanter.

"This time the Princess took to her bed and would not be comforted. 'Alas!' said she in the night, to Lisa, the cat, 'the enchanter is dead; what will become of us?' 'Never fear, Princess,' the cat made answer, 'Lazykins cannot raise the enchantment. How is he to know that he must pull out the seven white hairs that are in my tail and burn them in the fire to bring it about?'

"But the next day Lazykins caught up the gray

cat as she was sleeping by the fire and he pulled out the seven white hairs and threw them into the flames. They burned up the chimney with a great roar and the castle rocked and shook. But there in the room stood the Princess all sweet and gentle and ten times more lovely than before. She thanked Lazykins for having released her from the spell and Lisa, the cat, now a pretty white kitten, came up and rubbed against his legs.

"Then the King and all the people rejoiced, and the wedding was celebrated with great splendor. But the church bell was hung up again, for Lazykins now wore a crown, and in time he grew to be as wise as he was strong.

"And that is all," said the fairytale woman.

"It was a very good story," declared the Grimm Brothers, but all the while the old woman was telling it, Wilhelm had seen Fairytale, finger on lip, standing behind her chair. Jacob, however, thought it was a ray of sunlight stealing through the narrow window that made the corner so bright. He was thinking of it still as the brothers took their way home.

"I have always liked a small window," said he. "It invites you to look out and frames a little picture, but a large window is not so restful, it frankly shows you what there is outside and nothing more."

"But —" began Wilhelm, whose mind was on the story.

"Yes, I was coming to it," said Jacob with a smile. "Every fairytale is just such a little window through which you get a glimpse of long forgotten things, and there are some old touches in

the one we have just heard. The youngster whose strength is such that he shatters what he touches and who does not feel the weight of millstones, is none other than young Siegfried of the old hero tales. And the Princess and her cat, like Cinderella, come from the East."

The evening star came out and the mists were rising from the sunken garden and it was time for Wilhelm to be in. And in the quiet room with the primroses on the window sill, he wrote down the fairytale woman's story and many others that she told him, and every now and then he felt that Fairytale herself was looking over his shoulder.

TWO FLORENTINE FRIENDS

THE people of Florence were once building a church. It was to be a very fine one, so they kept on building and building, and even after a hundred years had gone by it was still unfinished. In that time the first builder had died and those that came after him had made a change here and added a bit there, and now it was grown so large that no one knew how to cover it with the dome which was needed to make it perfect. Every once in a while, therefore, the architects and builders and chief men of the city would get together and plan the raising of the dome, but each meeting ended by their saying that it could not be done.

Now in this same city of Florence there lived two young goldsmiths who were fast friends; Brunelleschi was the name of the one, Donatello that of the other. Brunelleschi, however, did not like goldsmith's work and was forever scolding about it.

"It is too small," he would say, "and too costly, and no matter how beautiful the work, there nearly always comes a time when it has to be melted down into money. No, give me stone or marble; you can do big things and lasting, in them."

One day, as the two friends sat together at work, Brunelleschi suddenly held up the golden goblet

FLORENCE CATHEDRAL

which he was fashioning: "Look at this," said he, pointing to the cover; "what do you think of it?"

"Oh, it is beautiful," cried Donatello, who admired everything his friend did; "it looks just like a little golden dome."

"Yes," replied Brunelleschi, "it is pretty enough, but suppose it were of stone, large enough to set above our dear duomo."

"Oh, but you know it can't be done," exclaimed Donatello; "every one says the space is too great to cover."

"Yes, I know that it can't be done," sighed Brunelleschi, "but it would be a task worth trying," and he fell once more to his gold beating.

A short time after this there happened something which made Brunelleschi forget all about the dome, for a while, at least. Close by the great unfinished church stood a small and ancient one, very dear to the hearts of the Florentines, and they now wished to beautify it with some new doors. These were to be of bronze of the finest workmanship and a prize competition was to determine to whom the task should be awarded. Six artists thought they would like to try and one of them was Brunelleschi. Each was told to take the story of Abraham's sacrifice and see what he could make of it on a small bronze tablet of a certain shape and size, and all were to be ready on a given day. Brunelleschi made up his mind to win; he dropped all other work and shut himself up in his room, composing his subject over and over again and making studies for it, and Donatello saw nothing of his friend for weeks. At

last, however, Donatello could stand it no longer and one day he burst in upon his friend saying: "Oh, Brunelleschi, I haven't come to disturb, but can you leave your work just long enough to come and look at what I have to show you?"

Brunelleschi was willing and they set out for Donatello's room. "I, too, do not mean to remain a goldsmith all my life," went on the latter as they walked along; "I want to be a sculptor and I am taking you now to see my first attempt at a figure.

"How do you like it?" he said proudly, a few moments later when they had entered the room and were standing before a large carved wooden crucifix.

Brunelleschi eyed it for a while in silence, then he said: "I don't like it at all; your Christ is not noble enough; he looks just like a peasant, and the whole thing is awkward and clumsy."

Now Donatello was known to be most sweet tempered, and he usually could stand criticism, but he had put so much fervor into his work and been so proud of it, that he felt very much hurt at Brunelleschi's ungracious comments and for once, lost his temper.

"It's easy enough to find fault," grumbled he, "but it's quite another thing when it comes to doing better; just take a piece of wood and try for yourself, then you'll see."

Brunelleschi pretended not to hear this and a little later went away. About two weeks later, however, he managed to meet Donatello in the street. "Ah, Donatello," cried he, affecting surprise, "where have you been all this time?

Come to my room and let us have one of our old time chats."

Donatello had long since forgotten his anger, so he gladly agreed.

"Come on, then," said Brunelleschi, "but let us first stop in the market and buy our dinner." So they bought eggs and lettuce and a little cheese, for the old great artists lived very simply. Then turning to his companion, Brunelleschi said: "Now, Donatello, suppose you take these things and go on ahead to the workshop; I'll stop at the baker's for some bread and then come right after you."

Donatello, nothing loath, went on his way; but the minute he entered the workshop he knew why Brunelleschi had sent him, for there in the very middle of the room, so placed that his eyes must fall upon it the first thing, stood a wondrous crucifix, so finely carved and so noble withal that Donatello stood rooted to the spot, and raising his hands let fall to the floor, cheese, lettuce and eggs.

"Donatello, Donatello, what have you done?" cried Brunelleschi, who had followed close behind; "look, you have spoiled all of our dinner."

"Ah, Brunelleschi, I have had dinner enough for to-day," replied Donatello; "but you are right — I can only shape peasants, while to you it is given to carve a Christ."

This was very generous of Donatello, for he might have said to his friend: "You should be able to do better than I for I am only a boy of fourteen, while you are nine whole years older; but he did not measure by years but felt as an artist and as such saw where he had failed.

But now the time had come for the prize tablets to be handed in. All six were good but the judges found two of them much better than the rest and one of these was Brunelleschi's. At first it was hard to tell which of the two should have the prize, but in the end it was awarded to Ghiberti. "His figures are more pleasing," said the judges, "and his composition is more harmonious. Brunelleschi's Abraham is too violent in gesture, his angel is clumsy and the group in the foreground not as well placed as Ghiberti's."

The two tablets were placed in the museum to prove that the judges had been wise in their decision and Ghiberti was told that the task of making the doors was his. He lost no time but set to work upon them at once but it was full twenty years before they were finished. The time was well spent, however, for never were doors more beautiful. Ghiberti had covered them with Bible stories all set about with fruit and flowers and fantastic birds, as softly molded as though the bronze were wax, and everybody, even Brunelleschi himself, had to confess that the judges had been very wise indeed.

But at first Brunelleschi was bitterly disappointed and took his defeat very much to heart. Donatello tried to console him. "Don't look so unhappy," said he; "you have every reason to feel proud; your tablet was next best and a wonderful piece of work for a first attempt; everybody says so."

"Next best, indeed!" growled Brunelleschi; "next best won no more than last. No, if I can't be first it's not worth my while, and I'm through

with bronze work. But there's the dome. It must be done, it can be done, and I am going to do it!"

"Oh!" said Donatello.

"Yes; and I'm going to Rome, now. There's a dome there built by the Romans long ago; I think it may help me solve the problem."

"Oh," said Donatello again; then after a pause: "If you're going to Rome, I'll go too, for in spite of my first poor attempt, I still mean to be a sculptor, and those wonderful ancient statues which they are digging out of the ruins there may do me some good. It is said that they are more lovely than anything ever before seen."

"Good," said Brunelleschi; "get ready then, for there is no time to lose." Then he sold a little farm he had for money to tide him over, and one day the two friends said good-bye to Florence and passed out through the gate that led south to Rome. Their journey was on foot and they went along leisurely, now stopping in some village, now eating their dinner beneath a roadside tree and resting with the shepherds under the tranquil stars. They took a lift on a cart when offered, and from time to time they paused in some town and did a little goldsmith's work, for it is not wise to spend your savings too fast.

Finally Rome came in sight. It was a larger place than Florence and much older, and at first the two friends were confused by the endless streets with their tall dark houses and the temples and arches and gates. But by and by they fell under the spell of the ruins and Brunelleschi especially could not tear himself away from them.

He measured the depth of the foundations, the height of the shafts and their thickness, the way the arches were constructed and the set of the stones, and made note of everything. Donatello meanwhile looked at the figures on the capitals and the sculptures on triumphal arches and altars. Then one day he found the statues and Brunelleschi the Pantheon, which was the building he had come to see, and after that they parted company and each went on his quest alone. At night they met and talked things over.

"It's slow work and dusty," said Brunelleschi. "I've been lying on my back again all day trying to fathom the secret of that Roman dome. Those old builders were great fellows and knew a thing or two, but we surely ought to be as clever. If they domed a great space, why shouldn't we dome an even greater?"

"Well, if that is the way you look at it—" began Donatello, but the other cut him short:

"Yes, I do. But how are the ancients treating you?"

"Very kindly," replied Donatello. "You are right about their knowing a thing or two; they don't mind giving a few hints either. To be sure they can afford to be generous, for who could ever lessen their glory? I shall indeed be the better sculptor for having known them, but at best I can be nothing more than just Donatello."

Meanwhile the money gave out and the two friends had to fall back on gold and silver work for a while, but as soon as possible they were back at their studies. One day Brunelleschi announced that he was ready to go home; he had solved the

problem and the dome for the cathedral had not only taken shape in his brain but also reposed in his pocket, all carefully planned and set forth on paper. Donatello, too, was ready to go back, and Florence might well be glad to see them again after their two years' absence, for great gifts were they to bring to her.

It happened that Brunelleschi was just in time for one of the accustomed meetings for the planning of the dome. As usual all manner of suggestions were offered and as usual, none of them would do. Then Brunelleschi arose. "Let me build the dome," said he; "I have found the way."

"Where are your plans? Show them that we may see."

Brunelleschi, however, had neglected to bring them with him, but in the meantime he would show them a little trick.

"Can any one among you set an egg on end?" he asked.

The grave company looked somewhat surprised, but sent for the egg, which was accordingly brought; whereupon each good Florentine in turn tried to balance it.

"Impossible," declared each one as he failed.

"Give it to me," cried Brunelleschi, and taking the egg he placed it firmly on the table, breaking the shell, as a matter of course.

"Oh!" cried they all, "we could have done that too."

"Yes," replied Brunelleschi,, "everything is easy when you once know how. Now if I were to show you my plans you would all say, 'Oh, we

can do that too.' No, I'll not show them; but I am ready to stake my claim to fame, the thing most dear to me, on the undertaking, and as no one here seems able to raise the dome, I think the task should be mine."

"No," said the building committee, "we must first see your plan."

"I'll show the dome when it's done and that will be better," insisted Brunelleschi, and he was so sure of himself that in the end he had his way. But the task was thought to be too great for one man alone, so a second master builder was to aid in the work, and who of all people should be chosen for this post, but Ghiberti! Brunelleschi stormed:

"Here is Ghiberti," said he; "Ghiberti, who is having fame enough through his lovely doors, and yet he wants to share in mine. Well, we shall see!"

Then the work began. Brunelleschi directed the workmen and Ghiberti, who of course knew nothing of the plan, came to look on. One day, however, Brunelleschi locked away his plans and took to his bed.

"Bring hot blankets," shouted he, "and hot water and mustard plasters and cold cloths for my head, and hurry, for I am ill, oh, so ill! I'm aching all over," and, indeed, he kept his household in a pretty state of excitement.

Meanwhile, over at the cathedral, the workmen were waiting for instructions. At last they went to Brunelleschi's house for them, but he sent out word that he was too sick to think of building and that they should go to Ghiberti for their orders.

Ghiberti, however, could give no orders; he had never seen the plans and could do nothing without Brunelleschi. "Ha!" cried the latter, when this was told him, "Ghiberti can't get along without me; well, I could very well get along without him!" and he groaned and called for more hot water.

The building committee heard of it, of course, for the workmen brought the news. "Ah," said they, looking wise, "we understand." Then going to Brunelleschi they bade him make haste and get well; everything should be as he wished, said they, and Ghiberti would no longer stand in his way. Indeed, this good artist did not care for the work on the dome and was far better pleased with designing windows for the front of the church. Ah, but Brunelleschi chuckled! He flung away blankets and bandages and went back to work at once. And what a wonderful worker he was! He watched every detail; he never lost sight of the effect of the whole. He inspected the clay for the bricks, then the bricks themselves; no stone dared show a flaw; every bit of mortar, every iron girder fell under his watchful eye, and woe unto the careless workman, for Brunelleschi was building to defy time. And he was rewarded in the end and his heart leaped with pride when at last it rose before his sight, the dream of his youth, the work of his prime, the wonderful dome, hanging like a great airy bubble from its eight chains of stone work and crowning not the cathedral alone, but fair Florence too. And Florence remembers, too, and has placed him in stone in the square beneath the church, and there he sits look-

ing up at his work as he did so many times in the days it was building.

But the dome is not Brunelleschi's only work. He was a great builder and many a church and palace and airy loggia in Florence rose under his hand, and he was happy in the thought that here was work more lasting than his old-time goblets and jewels of gold.

And Donatello? Oh, Donatello kept his promise too. He became a great sculptor, one of the world's greatest, and beautified his city with statues in marble and bronze. The things he had learned in Rome had, indeed, been a great help to him, but his work is not at all like that of the ancients; it is quite his own. In his great workshop marble chips flew about at a lively rate; he was an untiring worker, and lo, from the block of dead marble stepped forth a brave young St. George, bright eyed and eager and ready to mount his charger and speed away in search of dragons; or a King David for Giotto's tower. "Ha, speak, speak!" cried Donatello as he was striking out this strange bald-headed figure, for he was most fond of it and sometimes forgot that it was not alive. And the children; next to ugly old men Donatello loved merry little children, and his chisel drew them forth from the marble in joyful bands, and the lively young street urchins playing about the squares of Florence, as Donatello, too, had once done himself, caught at their play and fitted out with wings, became dancing cherubs and graced the organ loft beneath Brunelleschi's dome.

Brunelleschi had a fine house but Donatello still lived very simply; he cared for nothing but his

ST. GEORGE

Donatello

work and possessions were only a trouble to him, but the two friends, now old friends indeed, often met and talked over the old times and the changes which had come to Florence since then.

THE JOYOUS VENTURE OF THE RAJAH

THE good ship *Rajah* lay in the harbor getting ready for a voyage, and everybody in Salem town wondered whither she was bound. The captain knew it and the owner and the mate, but none beside, not even the ten men of her crew, for it was a great secret.

"She is going in search of treasure," said some.

"And into dangerous seas," said others.

"Look at her four guns!"

"Yes, they are to keep her cargo from the pirates; just see how heavily she is laden."

Indeed, it was so; her hold was piled high with barrels and kegs and chests, yet craved she still more and there was no end to the stores which were being conveyed up her gang plank; brandy and gin and tobacco were among them; iron in bars, too, and as a matter of course, dried fish a plenty — Salem's ships always carried that. Then came the salt pork and the biscuit and all the casks of water for the journey, after which the last goodbyes were said and with the wind swelling her sails, the *Rajah* sped away on her joyous venture.

"Whither is she bound and when will she return?" asked the friends as they turned back from the wharf.

"Yes, whither?" echoed the captains of the other ships that rode in Salem harbor under the

gray November sky. But one of them did more than ask; he secretly set sail and started in pursuit.

Over the billows and foam sailed the *Rajah,* tossed by winter storms and sheathed in sleet and ice. Southward she took her course, guided by compass and stars. The captain took the reckoning and wrote it down each day in the log book and the lookout up in the crow's nest sighted nothing but sea and sky. But after many days he sang out: "Land ho!" and shortly after, "Sail ho!"

"Ah," thought the captain at the first cry, "we must be nearing the Cape, and all is well." But he could make nothing of the sail and, indeed, she soon fell away and was seen no more.

The captain was right, the *Rajah* was nearing the Cape of Good Hope, but before she sailed around it and bade a long farewell to the Atlantic, she ran up Table Bay and stopped at Cape Town for a little rest and to re-fill the empty water casks. The sailors were happy; they once more tasted fresh beef and bread and walked about on streets. But the white sails of the *Rajah* beckoned from the harbor and the captain had his quest in mind, so they sailed around the Cape and reached the other side of the world.

The air grew warmer. They came to the Isle of France and here again they got out of the ship. This was a lovely place; great purple flowers grew all about and strange sweet fruits and many of the people were black or brown. The captain sold his cargo but bought nothing in return and again he was in a hurry to get on. "Weigh anchor!" commanded he, and the bright island

faded from sight and became a memory in the long days to come when the *Rajah* sailed the Indian Ocean and the hot sky closed in upon the waves, from which sharks lifted their ugly heads.

"Sail, ho!" cried the lookout.

"Can it be pirates? They are said to infest these waters," thought the captain, looking through his glass. Then he called the mate.

"What do you make of her?" said he.

"It is hard to tell," replied the mate, "but she doesn't seem built like a pirate."

"No," said the captain, "but it is better to be prepared; we'll arm the men with cutlasses and get ready the guns."

Then they looked again, but now "Aha!" cried the captain and "Aha!" cried the mate, and they laughed aloud, for what they sighted was not a pirate at all but the Salem ship which coveted their secret.

"They have followed us all the way," chuckled the captain.

"And they don't care if we know it, now that we are nearing the islands and can no longer escape them," grinned the mate, and they both laughed again, for they thought the secret still safe.

Yes, they were again nearing land; if the chart had not told they might have known by the gulls and the drift. And now came coral reefs; great care was needed to keep clear of them but the *Rajah* could trust her captain and the other Salem ship did not fear to follow after.

"Land, ho!" rang the cry and there at last was the goal, the island of Sumatra, faint and misty and blue at first, then growing green and bright

with cliffs and forests and tall mountains, some of them with smoking peaks.

"Volcanoes," said the sailors and they began to rejoice in the good times ahead, fresh fowls and cocoanut milk, adventures with elephants and tales of the brown savages to tell the people at home; indeed, it's a fine thing to be a sailor.

"Haul the bowline, the fore and maintop bowline,
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul,"

sang the crew at their work as the *Rajah* sped up along the coast.

"She is making for Bencoelen," thought her pursuer, for this town was a great place for trade. "There must be some great bargain there and we'll have our share of it. However, we had best let the *Rajah* load up a little before we appear."

But when he got there no *Rajah* was to be seen, nor could he find trace of her at any of the other towns. "She has given us the slip by going around some of those small islands; it's Batavia that she is bound for," reasoned the inquisitive captain; but no, neither there nor anywhere else did he find her on this trip.

The *Rajah* did not stop at Bencoelen at all; she sailed past it in the night; she kept away from the other towns as well and went on up the coast until she came to the region where the wild forest runs down to the sea. And in all this time never once did the cry, "Sail, ho!" ring from the masthead, whereat both captain and mate right often made merry, for they were safe from pursuit and no prying eye was near to mark that the *Rajah* had come to the end of her quest and that the coveted

prize was before her. Yes, there, running red riot among the trees, was treasure enough to load twenty ships; not pirate gold, nor pieces of eight, but something more precious than these — pepper.

"Ah," said the captain, "how they will open eyes in Salem when we get back there with our cargo."

But the sailors said, "Now we go ashore," and everybody felt happy but the watch, who must stay behind and guard the ship. So the boats were lowered, the men got in, and shoreward they pulled right heartily, 'waring reefs, as good sailors should and scaring off the sharks with their shouts.

Strangest of forests was this, full of delights and of perils too. There were giant flowers with flame-hued, trembling petals that almost seemed alive. Great hairy spiders hung above them like magicians weaving horrid spells; snake monsters lurked coiled up in the thickets; monkeys and parrots chattered in the tree tops; bananas and cocoanuts and pulpy orange and purple fruits hung on every side, and the captain had all he could do to keep the sailors from carrying all these things back to the ship. "No, no, the pepper first," commanded he. So they stripped the vines of their gay burden and dried the red berries in the sun until they became hard and wrinkled and black. Then they piled them in the hold in boxes and barrels and sacks, and back and forth plied the boats, bringing more and more and more. But the captain could not get enough, a most greedy person was he, and the greater his store the more he craved. "Where will we put our cocoanuts

and our monkeys and shells and lovely corals?" thought the sailors in alarm and indeed, they had a hard time to manage it, for now the hold was full and every possible spot below decks held its sack of pepper. No; never before, had such a lot of it been got together; it rose to the hatch coamings; it invaded the captain's cabin and he and the mate made shift with hammocks slung anywhere; even on deck you had to pick your way carefully because of the boxes and sacks of pepper standing about. Yet with all this the captain sighed and looked regretfully on all that he must leave behind; but indeed, not another pepper corn could he stow away, so "Homeward bound!" said he.

No fear of any Salem rival was there now, so why should not the *Rajah* stop at Bencoelen for a supply of pork, both fresh and salt? She lay there in the harbor and it was night. The stars came out in the blue and the captain in his hammock looked up at them and thought of home. The waves gently lapped the sides of the ship and all was peaceful and still. Up at the masthead was the lookout, but he did not gaze at the stars; he peered instead into the black shadows near shore, something seemed to be moving there. Yes, he felt sure of it; those were native boats and they meant mischief, so he gave the alarm. In less than no time the *Rajah* awoke to life and all eyes looked to shore.

"Yes," said the captain, "you cannot trust these brown fellows; by day they come to barter and at night they take a creese between their teeth and steal up in their light proas, hoping to murder

you in your sleep. Ha, the harbor is full of these pirates."

"Let them come on," cried the mate. "The men have their cutlasses and the *Rajah* is ready to give audience."

Swift as a flight of swallows the proas came in a forward dash, for the *Rajah* lay dark and still as though wrapped in slumber. But now, a flash, a roar — she was not asleep, she showed her teeth — that was a gun! A sudden panic fell upon the pirates and they melted away again into the blackness of night.

No, not all; one bolder fleet hurled itself into the circle of gloom that lay about the *Rajah* and agile forms began to swarm up over the railings. "Back!" shouted the sailors and beat them down with their cutlasses. Broken heads were all the pirates got that time and when the gray dawn broke an empty proas or two bobbing upon the waves and a couple of sailors wearing an arm in a sling were the only reminders of the fierce encounter.

Back over the Indian Ocean the *Rajah* took her homeward course, running before a squall like some frightened bird with white wings all a-flutter, or held in a calm beneath a brazen sky, unhappy idle days, when fever threatened and all eyes searched the heavens for the cloud that should bring a shower and the wished-for breeze.

On again, on, on; the white foam flecked the keel, the sun sank down into the waves, the night set her stars in the blue above and scattered sparkles where the ship drew deep furrows in the sea.

"Land, ho!" Once more the half-remembered Isle of France rose out of the foam; once more they quaffed its cooling water and tasted of its fruits. Then came the Cape and now the sea which washed the shore of home, though home itself was months away. Great storms rolled down the Atlantic but they did not begrudge the *Rajah* her little day of glory; so she braved sleet and ice and sheeted mists and at last sailed into the spring, for winter's fury was over when they again drew near home. Anxiously the lookout watched for the first sight of the dear shore and the sailors talked over the wonders they were about to relate to their friends.

"They will believe all about the pirates and the storms and sharks," said one, "but never that we saw flowers three feet across."

"No, nor can they imagine that great creature, the elephant," cried another; "if we could only have brought one back with us!"

Home! How dear the sound, how pleasant the sight of it. What Indian island with palm trees and pagodas could take the place of Salem town? Ah, there was the custom house, there were the busy wharves, and that faint line of green beyond was the elm trees getting ready for the spring. Salem's elms — the sailors cheered at sight of them and the ship swelled her sails with pride.

And the people on the quay saw the ship come in. "The *Rajah* is back," they shouted and right glad they were for she had been away all of a year and a half.

And the owner came, glass in hand, and scanned her anxiously; full often had he sighed in the long

months gone by and asked himself: "Is she lost?" Even now, seeing her he wondered, "How did the venture end? And do they all return that went?"

Yes, all the sea-browned faces looked over the side; not one was missing. And the venture — indeed, it was the talk of Salem for many a long day; and news of it went to Boston and all the other captains wagged their heads and laid deep plans, for they knew that the *Rajah* would go again for more.

Thus ended the joyous venture of the *Rajah,* and for a time the precious pepper went to fill one of the great warehouses that stood looking out to sea, for in the old days those same old warehouses which stand so still and lonely now, were heaped to the eaves with spices and silks and sandalwood and tea, and all the fortunes which filled the coffers of Salem went in and out through their doors.

ADORATION

Ghirlandaio

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KING

It was cold out under the stars. The sheep on the hillside were huddled close together for warmth and the shepherds shivered and drew their cloaks about them. Gallus, Stephanos and Michael were asleep and it was Arpad's turn to watch. He blew upon his fingers and looked up at the stars. "Ah," thought he, "how still the night is and how near the stars. Stephanos says they sing sometimes and surely I hear them now. Yes, there is music and the air is full of flitting forms. Wake, shepherds, wake!" cried he in terror.

"What is it? Wolves?" cried Gallus, starting up.

"Did you cry robbers?" murmured Michael, sleepily.

"No, no, the voices and the light!" shouted Arpad.

"Ah," cried Stephanos, the Wise, "it is the angels singing because the King has come. Look, yonder, where the star points in the East."

"But there lies Bethlehem, the hill town."

"Yes, in Bethlehem, in the inn stable is the King. Poor, like ourselves, he chose to come. He lies in a manger, watched by ox and ass. And hark, the angels sing and the star points; come, shepherds, let us go to him." Thus old Stephanos, the Wise.

Then uprose the simple shepherds, crying: "Yes, let us to the King with gifts."

"I have a sheepskin lined with red will keep him warm," cried one.

"Six new-laid eggs in a wicker basket I can bring," cried another.

"And I, a fine round cheese," a third.

"My gift shall be a lamb," came from the fourth. "Come, let us away."

"But stay," commanded Stephanos; "all may not go; one must guard the flocks. Arpad, 'tis yours the turn to watch."

"Nay," cried Arpad, "I saw the star first, surely I should go. Look, Stephanos, the way is long and steep and you are old; take the watch for me and I will bear your gift along with mine."

Stephanos shook his head: "Long have I waited for the coming of the King and these old eyes long for the sight of him."

"Peace on earth and good will to men," sang the angels.

"Oh, Stephanos, you are so wise and I have seen so little; let me go."

Stephanos bowed his head: "Go, Arpad," said he slowly. "I shall keep the flocks in your stead."

Along the road went the shepherds, Arpad at their head, although he bore the gift of Stephanos along with his own sheepskin lined with red. The angels no longer sang but the great white star still stood over Bethlehem. When they came to the place where the road crossed the broad highway which led out into the world, they beheld lights and many people. The gleaming torches showed strange faces, yellow and brown, robes of ermine

and scarlet, and golden crowns. These were great people and they came with horses and camels and a mighty train.

"O shepherds," cried they, "tell us, we pray you, how to find the King. Three kings are we; we follow the star from afar and it ever leads us on, yet in cities and palaces we have found him not."

"O Kings," answered the shepherds, "the star leads you aright. Yonder town on the hill is Bethlehem and in it is the King. Follow the road and it will take you there." The bells of the camels tinkled, the horses pranced, and the kings went on their way.

But not over the highroad went the shepherds; their path was up among the rocks and along the sheep tracks, the blue night above them and the lighted torches dancing like fireflies far below.

All silent lay Bethlehem, the little town. The star stood above it and its soft light silvered the walls and roofs. All silent lay the houses, all silent lay the streets; a little lamp hung in the entrance to the stable yard and an angel kept watch there. But the yard was full of angels; they sat on the stable roof, they peeped from the granary, they floated up and down the broad beams of the star and they sang and played soft, sweet music.

The shepherds entered the stable and they knelt before the King and laid their gifts at his feet. A weak, small babe was the King and the gold straw of the manger was his pillow. His mother leaned above him tenderly, the ox lowed, the ass looked on, and Joseph came to take the gifts; the fair round cheese, the eggs, the lamb, the gift of

Stephanos; but the Child laid his little hand upon the sheepskin lined with red and Joseph saw it not.

"A king and so poor! Those others made a braver show," thought Arpad, when he saw no crown nor any sign of state. But the Child looked up with calm, grave eyes; a wondrous radiance filled the manger and rose and spread and mounted to the rafters, the stable faded away and Arpad stood before the gate of Paradise. Yes, at its very gate he stood, Arpad, the shepherd, and looked within. Oh, where was earthly kingdom like to this? He saw the King upon his ivory throne, he saw sunlit slopes, and fountains, and trees with gold and silver fruit. An angel peeped above the wall and a little heavenly flower had crept under the gate and blossomed like a star in the dusty roadside grass. And along the road came many people, they stopped before the gate and asked the porter to let them in. But the porter always looked them up in his big book before he would open and sometimes he would not open at all, but shake his head and say, "No."

There came three kings along the road, slowly, wearily, as though spent with much travel. Ah, yes, kings do not often go on foot, yet in no other way might you approach the gate.

"Kings?" said the porter, turning the pages of his book, "yes, here it is; Melchior, Gaspar, Balthasar — kings wise, just and merciful. You may come in," and the gate opened before them.

"Ah," thought Arpad, "the kingdom is for the rich and great —" but even as he thought it three shepherds came that way; Gallus, Michael, Stephanos — Arpad knew them well and he turned to

join them. But alas, he was fixed to the spot and could not lift his feet.

"Stephanos," said the porter, "you have been more wise and just and merciful even than the kings: enter in. And Gallus and Michael, kind and simple souls, you too may walk in Paradise," and the three went in through the gate.

Then Arpad was released from the spot where he stood. "Oh, good porter," cried he, running up, "I am one of the shepherds, let me in, I pray you!"

But the porter shook his head, "No, Arpad," said he; "you have set self before all else, and selfish people may not enter here. But since you are, indeed, one of the shepherds of the star, another chance shall be given you. Go back among your fellows and learn to love them according to the bidding of the King. Then, when you stand here once again — well, we shall see, we shall see." With that the gate of Heaven paled and went out like a star at dawn and Arpad knelt as before beside the manger in the stable at Bethlehem, and the Child was looking at him with grave, kind eyes.

Into the stable at Bethlehem came the kings with camels and train, and bearing gifts of incense and of gold they knelt before the manger, but over the hills went the shepherds back home. Arpad walked behind and the sheepskin lined with red was in his hand. And Arpad thought: "Stephanos is old and his cloak thin, a new sheepskin would keep him warm — and Michael has hurt his hand, I know where to find some herbs would heal it — and Gallus wants some reeds for a new

pipe —" yes, Arpad suddenly remembered more and more things that he might do for others.

Out on the hillside beneath the paling stars old Stephanos, the Wise, sat watching the flocks. Arpad ran up to him and placing the sheepskin about his shoulders, said: "The King sends you this gift and you will see him, for you are one of the blessed."

"I have seen him; he was here with me," said old Stephanos, the Wise, and he stroked the sheepskin and smiled at Arpad, for he understood.

CANGRANDE STATUE — VERONA

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

CANGRANDE was riding along towards supper one fair May evening in the long ago when near the old Roman amphitheatre he came upon the exiled Florentine. Turning to one of his followers the Lord of Verona bade him dismount, then pointing to the empty saddle, he cried: "Come, Messer Dante, give us the pleasure of your good company." Perhaps Dante might have preferred to go on his solitary way, but the bidding of his host and protector was to be looked upon as a grace and favor, so he mounted and they jogged on, the mortal and the immortal, side by side, through the peaceful streets of the ancient city, now under some gateway, now past the lion-supported porch of some old church above which floated the mellow tones of Verona's evening bells.

Cangrande was in high spirits; "What do you find in the arena that you spend so many hours among its empty benches?" he inquired of his companion.

"The plan for my Hell," replied the poet; "it descends in narrowing circles, wide-mouthed at the top, and, funnel shaped, drawing its walls closer and closer together as it nears the bottom; thus have I conjectured Hell and this have I found in your arena."

"Good!" cried Cangrande, with his joyous

smile, "I, too, have been watching walls, both visible and invisible; the walls which are to keep Verona from the foe. See, how they are going up," and he pointed down a street at whose lower end a portion of the new wall was to be seen. "When they are finished, Verona will be a strong place indeed, and bold will be the foe that tries to scale them."

"Strong walls are good, but they sometimes hold the foe within," said Dante, thinking of his home city, but Cane's mood did not fit in with this remark, the truth of which was not to be denied, so he pretended not to hear it.

"Yonder," said he, changing the subject, "yonder is the house of the Capuletti; surely, even down in Florence, you must have heard the tale of the lovers, Giulietta, daughter of this house, and Romeo, son and heir of the Montecchi, who tried to heal the feud between their houses with their love. Heal it they did, but 'twas their death brought about the reconciliation. Methinks this were a theme to match the one in your book."

"Mine is an even sadder tale," replied the poet. "These young lovers were happy in their death, for no wrong was theirs, nay, even good came of it; but the lovers of Rimini, victims, too, of fate, are not guiltless and are doomed to expiate through all eternity the wrong of their own and others' doing."

But now the little company had reached the Costa, that old arch so named from the bone of a pre-historic monster, which still hangs suspended under its vault, and the horses, too, knowing that the palace was only just beyond, there was but

little need of the spur to make the home-coming spirited. In the courtyard they were met by varlets with flaming torches, for it was growing dark within the walls and the ruddy light from the kitchen fire danced through the open door upon the flags outside.

"Bring your tale of the lovers of Rimini to read at the board to-night," said Cangrande to Dante as they dismounted, for the Lord of Verona was a patron of the arts and next to a good fight dearly loved a good story.

But that night the assembled guests waited long for their host's coming and their appetites grew sharp and the cook's temper dangerous, but they could not begin without him. He, however, was not late by reason of lack of appetite; Cangrande was young and vigorous and a long day in the saddle had made him most hungry, so he made all haste to get ready for his supper. But even as he was turning to descend to the hall, a messenger was brought before him, a bent, coarsely clad figure, which suddenly straightened up and half casting aside its disguise, revealed the features of the Podestà of Vicenza.

"Bailardino da Nogarola!" cried Cangrande completely taken aback. "What is wrong in Vicenza, that you stand here before me in this guise?"

"Ah, my Lord," said the other, "I bring evil tidings. The Paduans and the Vicentian exiles are planning an attack."

"What! against those strong walls?" exclaimed Cangrande.

"No, the walls are safe enough, but the gates

have harkened to treachery. On the night of the twenty-second of this month of May, they are to open to the foe. Muzio, one of the garrison, was won over to do the deed, but his heart failed him and he bared the plot to me."

"And you call this evil tidings?" exclaimed Cangrande, his face alight with joy. "Man, it's fine news, the finest in the world! Have you forgotten the peace pact between ourselves and Padua, made only three years ago? The first to break it pays a fine, and — Ah, Bailardino, this is great news indeed; the Paduans break the peace and I shall be able to attack their city and add it to my territory. Hasten back home; let the plot go on; tell your man to agree; the gate shall open, but — I shall be there to receive the guests."

This was the reason why Cangrande was late. The horizon cleared immediately at sight of him, the cook and attendants rushed about the kitchen at a great rate, and the Jester, who had been as gloomy as Dante and as savage as the cook, instantly became the funny man once more, and very opportunely remembered a story.

Now the good old days of the simple life were all over in Cangrande's day, at least that was what Dante and everybody else said. To be sure the bones were still thrown under the table, but a man and his wife no longer ate from the same trencher and so when the company at last sat down it was each man to his own plate. There was macaroni, of course, and it was piping hot. Dolcibene, the Jester, who was famished, swallowed a mouthful and burned his tongue.

"Go gently, good Dolcibene, lest harm befall

that tongue of thine," cried his nearest neighbor.

"Nay," mocked another, "Dolcibene has need of haste; he'll miss the roast else."

And, sure enough, at that moment the roast appeared, goodly in size, fragrant with the odor of orange and rose water, which had been poured upon it, and thickly strewn with sparkling white sugar; it was indeed a brave sight, and gaily did the carver attack it.

"Ah!" cried Dolcibene, as soon as he had regained the use of his tongue. "You carve well, Messer Carver, but know you how to do it according to the rules of grammar, I wot not, and therefore I shall tell you.

"You must know then, that some years ago, there dwelt not far from here, a worthy farmer who had a son, two daughters and a second wife. The boy was his father's pride and to show it the good man sent him to Bologna to study law. The student sent home good reports and frequent demands for money, which the father granted willingly enough but which were not at all to the liking of the stepmother, who lifted up her voice in complaint: 'It's nothing but money, money, and more money for that carcass of yours,' she said — carcass in those parts being only another word for good-for-nothing. 'And,' continued she, 'pray, where is your gain in thus robbing yourself and others for him?'"

"'Nay, wife, 'tis a cause for pride to have a scholar in the family, and, truly, a lawyer is a fine investment.'

"Well, the youth kept on in Bologna in spite of his stepmother, who cried: 'Oh, yes, give it

all to your carcass,' every time she saw the money going. Then one day, the youth came home on a visit and the proud father in his joy ordered his wife to prepare a capon in honor of the occasion, and invited the village priest to come and partake of it. When they were all ready to begin supper and the father was about to carve, the wife, with an angry glance at the student, said: 'Why not let your fine son show what he learned at school; bid him carve this fowl according to the rules of grammar.' The father, well pleased to show off his prodigy, nodded his head and cried:

"'Come, my lad, cut up this capon for us, but mind that you do it learnedly.'

"'Willingly,' replied the student, and being well aware of his stepmother's opinion, he set to work with an inward chuckle. First he cut off the comb and placing it on a plate, passed it to the priest saying, 'You are our spiritual father and wear the shaven crown, I give you, therefore, the crest of the capon.' Then he cut off the head and presented it to his father with the words, 'You are the head of the house and to you therefore belongs the head.' He next cut off the legs and feet and gave them to his stepmother. 'You,' said he, 'look after the affairs of the house, and go up and down untiringly; to you without doubt, belong the feet.' Then cutting off the tips of the wings, he thus addressed the girls: 'You, my sisters, will one day fly from the home nest; you will need wings for this, and here they are. As for me, I, as you all know, am nothing but a carcass, and the carcass therefore, must be my share,' and with this he began to cut up and eat the capon.

"The stepmother's fury may be imagined, nor were the other diners any better pleased, the father himself, even pulling a long face. But the youth had not studied law for nothing and so he managed to give his reason for the division in such a convincing manner that they all forgave him and when he once more departed for Bologna, he was at peace with everybody, even his stepmother."

"Bravo!" cried Cangrande when Dolcibene had ceased speaking, "Bravo!" and he smiled approval at the Jester, although he had not heard a word of the story; but under its cover he had been able to perfect his plans and he now said:

"Gentlemen, word has been brought me, that my hawks at Soave are spoiling for a fight and that there is quarry for them in plenty, so, to-morrow, at dawn, be ready to ride forth with me. And since it is growing late and we must take a little rest before setting out, there will be no time to-night for your tale, Messer Dante. We desire you therefore, to come with it to Sirmione, where the ladies are staying, say in two weeks' time."

The next morning, long before daybreak, the courtyard of the castle was full of waiting knights all ready to attend their lord. But early as they were, Cangrande was almost as early and away went the gay cavalcade over the stone bridge which spanned the rushing green Adige. The way led past a church, and before the portal the company dismounted and entered within to kneel for a while in prayer as was then thought a fitting preface to the day's affairs.

The first rosy streaks of dawn were breaking in the sky when they had again taken horse, and a

little more and they went out from the walls by one of the many gates and rode away, away, to where the hawks were longing to fly and where other game was waiting, as Cangrande knew.

Dante came slowly down the steps after the echoing hoofbeats of the horses had died away against the walls and took his way through the streets, leisurely and lost in thought. As he went along he brushed against two women, whose sudden recoil roused him from his meditations. "Look," cried the elder, to her companion, "look, that is the Florentine who has been to hell. See, how the smoke and heat have seared and singed his face," and they both shuddered in an ecstasy of fear.

Dante smiled grimly as he passed under an old gate, partly for pride in his work, partly in bitterness of spirit. "They little know the truth they speak," said he to himself. "I have indeed trod the dread abyss and its horrors have burned into my soul."

He paused before a walled garden and going through the gate went slowly up the cypress avenue. Here he was wont to come and mould his thoughts in the peaceful shelter of the century-old trees. But to-day he trod the path to the end, where the grotto opens in the rocky wall. Over its top he climbed, to the lookout high above the garden and gazed far out over the city and the plain beyond. Alas, the sight he longed for was too far removed for mortal eye, but far to the south it lay, his own beloved city, his Florence, where never again might he set foot. In time to come that city was to place monuments to him and

give him an empty tomb in Santa Croce, where so many of her illustrious sons are sepulchred. Her citizens would be proud to write his words on their walls as they have done in the Palazzo Vecchio, but then they were eager to burn him in the square before that very palace. Now they point with pride to the house in which he lived, but when it meant home to him, Dante had lost it. And he turned his face away to the other side, where in the distance gleamed a line of silvery blue, Lake Garda, on whose shore lay a Scaliger castle and where just now his old friend Giotto, the painter, was at work upon some pictures for Cangrande.

And Dante felt a great desire to see his friend and hold converse with him and he thought: "Why not seek him out on foot?" So he came down the steps into the garden once more and lingered a moment beside the fountain near the gate for a cooling draught of water, then bethinking himself that he had best buy some food to take with him on his long walk, he took his way to the old market-place, where people had been wont to gather even before the long-gone, Roman days and where still to-day the peasants come to sell the fruitful plenty of the Lombard plain. Here Dante had been known to sit writing away, all unmindful of the noise and clatter round about him. But to-day he looked at the wares displayed and bought bread and cherries and a little cheese. Then taking his way over the bridge and through one of the gates in the wall, he was soon out in the open country. As he went along he at first met peasants at work in the villages and fields near the city, but presently the country grew wilder and

more and more neglected, for those times of sudden wars brought evil days for the tiller of the soil, who raised his crop in fear and trembling, and only here and there did the poet happen upon a hut or a half frightened laborer.

Once, beneath a tree, he found a swineherd, and it being in the heat of day, Dante sat down beside him and offered the shy, half-wild creature a share of his slender fare. Then he went on again, his mind busy with his great poem; he forgot the end of his journey, he did not heed the path, and it was not until a sudden chill in the air made him shiver, that he discovered himself among the giant trunks of mighty forest trees. He looked about for the path, but there was none, he tried to find the direction by the sun and sought anxiously for some sign of a human presence, but the tree tops shut out the light and the foot of man seemed never to have trod that wilderness.

Dante moved forward as the undergrowth allowed, for the wood became more and more impassable and there was no retracing of steps. It grew darker, but by and by little fitful flashes of moonlight darted through the trees, a path sprang up suddenly under his feet and Dante hoped for the end of the wood. But when the trees receded he found himself wandering between rocky walls which grew steeper and higher as he pushed forward. There was a sound of rushing waters, white mists issued from caverns and clefts, trembling shadows filled the place and long phantom creeping things tried to reach out into the night. Dante shivered, the path seemed uncertain, here and there a stone loosened beneath his tread and

fell into the depths below. Strange noises quivered through the air and turned his blood cold; he dared not go on, and, groping his way back to where the path was broader and more sheltered by the rocks, he crouched down in a hollow beneath a great boulder and waited for the morning, determined not to sleep. At last, however, exhaustion conquered his fears and the horrors of the night faded from his consciousness and he knew no more until he was awakened by a noise, no ghostly sound this time, but a good human whistle, and crawling forth from his shelter he gazed straight at his friend Giotto, who was coming over the narrow path with the utmost unconcern. To tell the truth the rocky pass looked less formidable by daylight and mists and monsters had all fled before the dawn, but Dante only half believed his eyes and wondered whether the figure before him were really Giotto, or his ghost.

Giotto was no less surprised: "Dante, you here?" he cried. "But why? Are you bound for Germany?"

"Germany? No, I was hoping to get to Sirmione, but lost my way."

"This road leads over the mountains into Germany, so turn about and come with me, who am bound for Sirmione too."

"I thought to find you there, painting for the Scaliger," said Dante.

"And so I am," replied Giotto, "but I needed some contented-looking peasants and cattle for my groups, and did you ever see worse wretches than one finds here in this Lombard plain? Well, up in the mountains I know of some sheltered villages,

so remote and hard to reach, that soldiers and plunderers have never found them out. There I made a lot of sketches and can now go on with my work."

Giotto did much work for Cangrande, who was proud to draw to his court the greatest painter of the day, but the artist's fame does not rest on this work, every vestige of which has disappeared, leaving behind nothing but the tradition of its beauty. But in his long life he painted many frescoes still left for us to see, like the story of Saint Francis of Assisi, which on that day, when the friends met in the wilds, had already for some time graced the walls of the good saint's church.

And Giotto, answering Dante's questions about his work, told of these pictures of the saint, whom they both loved, the good Saint Francis, who tamed the fierce wolf of Gubbio, who preached to the little birds, bidding them praise God, who had given them wings and song. Saint Francis, who called the sun and moon brothers, and who so loved his fellows, that for their sakes he married the Lady Poverty, whom all the world despised.

All these things and many more Giotto had told in color on the walls of the church. And there was one work of Giotto's not yet thought of that day, the bell tower in Florence, which bears his name and which rose from his plans. He never lived to see it completed; Dante never knew that it was to grace Florence, but perhaps some of the sketches made in the mountain valleys went into the story of labor, sculptured about its base, for Giotto was an architect too, and a sculptor, as well as a painter.

DANTE

Giotto

But now the good roads and the bad, which latter were often steep and difficult to climb, had brought the wanderers at length to lovely Lake Benacus, as Dante knew it; Lake Garda, as it is called to-day. On its shore lay Sirmione and the frowning castle of the Scaligers, the end of their journey, promised shelter and good cheer to the weary, hungry twain. And as they walked along, Giotto suddenly exclaimed: "But enough about myself; tell me, old friend, how fares it with you?"

"Alas," replied Dante, "they are more than kind to the exile, these Scaligers, and were I as gay and cheerful as Dolcibene, they would be kinder still; but, Giotto, you little know how savoreth of salt the bread of others, and how hard a road, the going up and down another's stairs."

Some days later the two friends were out once more beside the lake and "near the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow," Dante took out his poem and began to read portions of it to his friend. And he came to the story of the lovers of Rimini. Truly, a more fitting place for the telling of this tale than the noisy banquet-room was this spot, where young Catullus once had dwelt. "Tenderest of Roman poets, nineteen hundred years ago," sang Tennyson, as he stood among these same purple flowers in our own days and recalled the young Roman's famous "Ave, frater, atque vale."

Here, then, Dante began his account of the second circle of the Inferno, where the spirits as a punishment for their sins are forever driven forward by repentance and unfulfilled desires, which

sweep them onward like a great blast through which their wailings sound like the mournful notes of storm-driven birds. And among these souls Dante beholds the shades of the unhappy lovers of Rimini. Giotto, as all Italy, knew the tale of the fair Francesca, who to cement the peace between two rival States was made to wed the heir of her father's former foe. But Gianciotto, heir to the Lord of Rimini, was ugly and deformed, and in order to hide her fate from Francesca until it was too late a younger brother was sent to marry her by proxy. And it happened — as it has happened before and since — love made Paolo and Francesca forget their duty, and Gianciotto, in jealousy, slew them both. Poets both old and new have tried to tell the tale, but never has it been done as in Dante's few lines, and when the poet called these two shades forth from the whirling train and Francesca intoned her sad: "The land where I was born sits by the sea," Giotto sat entranced under their spell. "There is no greater sorrow than to be mindful of the happy time in misery," said Francesca, ere she told of the lovers' happy hours over the pages of the old romance and of the fatal kiss which closed the volume. "For that day no farther did we read therein." And Dante folded up his pages with the words: "And for pity I swooned away and fell as a dead body falls."

"Ah, Messer Dante, Messer Dante!" sighed a voice behind him, and turning, the poet beheld the Jester stretched out in the grass. "Ah, Dante, Dante, gladly would I give my cap and bells and my master's smile for your exile and your gloom,

could but one of my tales live as yours will in the days to come. Ah, fate may have hit you hard, but be thankful she did not make you a fool."

"Thanks, Messer Dolcibene," said Dante gently. "I fear that I have wronged you in thought, and I suspect that you write poetry in secret. But how come you here? Did you not follow Cangrande to Soave?"

"Aye, and farther, even to Vicenza, where the fool for once played the man and fought. Ah, I forgot, you do not know the tale. Hark! do you not hear the noise of the return even here?"

It was true; the sound of trumpets and shouting came faintly on the wind. "Yes," went on Dolcibene, "our Big Dog is back and once more victory is his. We did indeed hunt at Soave, but it was not the hawks that drew us there, but the fact that Soave is nearer to Vicenza than is Verona, and one dark night we donned armor and rode towards Vicenza, for the town was to be attacked the next night and we were to be there when it happened. Ah, Cane had laid a deep plot! So in the wood near the city, our Captain, Uguccione with most of the men hid, while Cane, attended by a smaller number, rode up to the town in the twilight and entered the gate. Our coming was kept secret and the enemy fell into the trap. At dawn word was brought that the attacking party was already in the suburb and scaling the walls.

"Then Cangrande, disguised as a Vicentine leader, hastened to the gate which was to admit the besiegers and gave the word for it to be flung wide. Ah, and there in the entrance stood Cane, ready to welcome them. A warm welcome they

found it indeed, though at first they suspected nothing and it was not until Cangrande charged upon them with his cry 'La Scala! La Scala!' that the Paduans knew that they had been betrayed. They made a good stand, though, and it might have fared ill with Cane, for there were but forty of us, but Uguccione came up in the nick of time and cutting his way through the Paduans, they, taken between two fires, took to flight. And here we are back and great is the measure of our joy."

When Dolcibene had done, the three, with whom the shade of Catullus may have lingered with its "Hail and Farewell," arose, and skirting the lake went towards the castle, where Verona's great son was getting ready to celebrate his latest, but not yet his last, victory.

MOZART

THE Herr Kapellmeister Leopold Mozart and his wife had gone out and the children were alone in the big living-room. To be sure, there were watchful eyes upon them; Resi, the cook, looked in once in a while from her kitchen, and Poldi, the man servant, came and went, now seeing to the stove, now bringing Papa's clothes which he had been brushing, so their parents knew them to be safe.

Wolfgang was hard at work on his oratorio. Archbishop Sigismund had ordered it for the Lenten service and he was anxious to see how it would turn out. But Wolfgang was a great musician, even though he was only ten years of age, and the oratorio was getting on most beautifully. The little composer knew it too, his pen scratched away merrily as the thoughts came, only sometimes he took up too much ink and there would be a blot.

"But," reflected he, "nobody can tell that when the music is being played," and nobody ever did, although the blots are on the paper still.

"Good, good!" he all of a sudden exclaimed, and jumping down from his chair he bestrode Papa's walking stick and capered gleefully around the room, then quite as suddenly climbed back on his chair and went on with his work. And old Mies, the cat, had a sorry time of it, for Wolf-

gang would not allow her to doze in peace in her corner by the stove; every time that she curled herself into a mat he cuddled his face in her fur or picked her up and set her feet upon the keyboard, " for ideas," he said, delighted with puss's queer music.

" Oh, Nannerl, this is good; I must let you hear it," and running to the clavier he played a charming flowing melody which the tenor was to sing.

Nannerl listened attentively for she knew all about such things. " Yes," was her decision, " it is lovely, and I think Papa will be pleased."

" Pleased, teased! I like it, I like it," sang Wolfgang, playing it over, and indeed so fond was he of this air that he used it again in his next composition.

The short winter evening drew to a close; Resi came in with the children's supper; Poldi lighted the candles and cut out shadow pictures to amuse his young masters.

" Poldi," cried Wolfgang, " it is too bad that no grown-ups are allowed there, else you should be appointed royal limner to the court of Ruecken."

" Indeed, and where may it be, this court of Ruecken? " inquired Poldi politely.

" Why, it's our kingdom; Nannerl's and mine; she is Queen and I am King, and all the court and people are children too. And, oh, Poldi, please draw us a map of it."

" Very well," said Poldi, " only you must tell me how."

" Oh, in the center place the capital with the

royal palace and a big apple orchard behind it."

"And on one side of the kingdom," broke in Nannerl, "must be the ocean; it is such fun to watch it run away and come back again."

"Yes, and on the other side woods that stretch away and away," cried Wolfgang.

"And above it mountains with great high peaks that turn all pink in the sunset."

"And below it —" Wolfgang hesitated a moment —"why, below it lies the rest of the world."

"Don't you want me to put in Toyville and Sugar Plum Town?" inquired Poldi.

"Oh, yes, yes," cried both children; "isn't ours a pretty kingdom?"

"It is," admitted Poldi, "but tell me, where did you ever behold the sea?"

"Oh," replied Wolfgang, "we are great travelers; we have been everywhere, haven't we, Nannerl?"

"Yes," said she, "and we sailed on the sea when we went to England to visit the King and Queen."

"Oh, so you visit other kings and queens," teased Poldi.

But Wolfgang replied quite gravely: "Yes, we know them all; the majesties of Germany, of England and of France and of other lands besides and have played before them all."

"Do you remember the first time we played before the Emperor?" asked Nannerl, "and how you slipped on the waxed floor and the little Archduchess ran and picked you up?"

"I remember," said Wolfgang, "but I was very young then, only five. But do you remember

the time we went in to see the French King and the Court at supper? You and Papa stood beside the King and Mama and I beside the Queen. They gave us sweetmeats and pears and it was a great honor."

Of course Nannerl remembered it, and the lights, more than you could count, and the great pictures on the walls and all the royal splendor, but Resi now came in saying it was bedtime, and presently when the moon looked in through the latticed window the room was dark and empty.

After a while the Herr Kapellmeister Leopold Mozart and his wife came home. There on the table gleaming white in the moonlight lay the scattered sheets of the oratorio and the father smiled with pride as he looked them over, for all the blots and the uncertain spelling could not disguise the beauty of the music. But the mother stole into the bedroom and kissed her little boy who lay fast asleep with the map of Ruecken beside his pillow.

Wolfgang and his father were going on a long journey. They were going to Italy, for every good musician paid it a visit in those days and now that Wolfgang was growing older his father thought the time had come for him to go. They set out in December, and, oh, but it was cold! The snow was piled up high in the mountain valleys and the wind whistled around the coach and at times threatened to blow it over a precipice. But it was always warm and cheery in the roadside inns and each day brought the South a little nearer.

In the end they passed the last of the frowning forts in the pass and came to where Verona lies

beside the green Adige; they were in Italy. Wolfgang heard good music: "Even the beggars here understand it," said he. Then he showed what he could do and everybody from prince to beggar was delighted and people no longer called him Wolfgang but spoke of him by his last name, as is done with great celebrities and henceforth he was known to the world as Mozart.

All the cities wanted Mozart to pay them a visit and he went about everywhere. In Milan he composed an opera, in Bologna, where there are so many learned people he played his very best, but when he came to Venice it was carnival time and everybody was expected to make merry. So Mozart and his father masked with the rest and rode in the gondolas and threw confetti and imagined themselves real Venetians. Then came Florence and after it Rome. But, oh, dear, the journey there was difficult; the roads were bad, the inns worse and it was every bit as cold in sunny Italy as it was at home.

They reached Rome on Wednesday in Holy Week, and in the midst of a dreadful storm.

"Just hear the salutes, we are coming in like great folk," said Mozart.

"It is high noon," said his father, "and we are just in time for the Miserere." So they hastened to the Sistine chapel where every year during Holy Week Allegri's famous composition was sung.

Mozart sat quite still, drinking in all the beautiful sounds as the four choruses rose and fell and in the end swelled to nine. But for all he looked so innocent he was chuckling to himself: "Oho! So this is the precious music of which no one is

allowed to have a copy. Well, I'll have one; I can remember every note of it." And sure enough, as soon as he got within reach of paper and ink, he sat down and wrote it all out.

"Oh, oh!" was all his father could say when he saw it, and the two of them could hardly wait for Good Friday to come when they would hear it again. Mozart carried the music with him and hid it in his hat while he corrected a few mistakes which had crept in.

"It is phenomenal," said people when they came to hear of this remarkable feat of memory, and the Pope grew interested and granted the young musician an audience and altogether Mozart won much praise and added renown.

An apple-green coat Mozart wore, with rose-colored facings and silver buttons, and a gay little cavalier was he when he took the air in the splendid carriage of one of his princely friends; but he was also a very grave *maestro* who conducted his own works and always had something new to offer.

They returned to Salzburg and Mozart grew up and his genius grew with him and more and more lovely melodies dropped from his fingers. But it was no longer a happy world. The bird of paradise lived in a cage and beat its wings against the bars. It was all the Archbishop's fault; not good Archbishop Sigismund, he was dead; but the new one who was not a pleasant person. If you were his musician, as Mozart was — and his father also — he would expect great things but gave you very little praise and even less money. As to leave to go on a concert

tour —" No," he would say, " I will not have my people go about begging." But not a *kreutzer* more would he give you for all that.

So Mozart hated beautiful Salzburg and the castle on the hill and even the mountains. " To think that I wanted mountains in my kingdom of Ruecken. Mountains shut you in; it is to 'the rest of the world' that I turn now. Ah, you are so free out there!" Then he went to his father. " Father," said he, " I can never amount to anything if I stay on here. I must get away."

" My son," replied his father, " get away you must, but this is not the time for a change. Be patient therefore yet a little longer."

" I'll try," said Mozart, but not very hopefully. And, alas, it was not long before he came again to his father crying: " I have done it! His Grace was most ungracious to-day; he called me names and said my music was bad. I was ugly too and told him I was ready to go. 'Pack yourself off, then, and at once!' shouted he, and now I am free."

" Yes, you will have to go away now," sighed Mozart's father. And he thought within himself, " How shall we manage it? The boy cannot travel alone, he knows nothing about money and would lose half his things if he tried to pack his trunk. I may not go with him, his mother — yes, that will be the way, she will take the best care of him — she must go."

So Mozart's mother packed the trunks and kept the purse and they set out in the stage coach along the road which led to " the rest of the world." Mother waved a last farewell to father and Nan-

nerl and looked back lovingly at fast-vanishing Salzburg, which she was never again to see, but Mozart exulted like a bird set free.

Yes, they rolled about the world in their coach but the good old days were no more. The kings and queens who used to come down from their thrones to play with the little wonder child were all gone — perhaps back to fairyland — and the courtiers and great people smiled coldly; the young man might be a genius, oh, yes; but that was not amusing and they wanted to be entertained. However, the world was not all gloom; it held pleasures and hope as well as disappointment and tears, and there was also some sort of living to be got from it. "And fame must follow," thought Mozart; but first came tears, for his dear mother fell ill and died in a strange country, far from home.

Mozart came home to Salzburg. His father was there and Nannerl and they did all they could to make each other happy, but the Archbishop dominated Salzburg; you could not be a musician there without him and he was more disagreeable than ever. "Let us all three go to Vienna," said Mozart, but this could not be and he went alone.

But he wanted a home. Home had always been so pleasant and he had never been without some loved one beside him to comfort and cheer and spur him on. Then he saw pretty Constanze and straightway knew that she would do. So they set up housekeeping on hope and nothing a year, much to the distress of all prudent people and of Mozart's father in particular, who feared for genius fettered. But no, the new operas and sym-

phonies and concertos were all the better for Constanze's smiles and wise little nods of approbation.

Living on nothing a year is sometimes hard. "Still, the sparrow's housetop freedom is more endurable than the canary's caged ease," said Mozart, thinking of Salzburg and the Archbishop. And Constanze was very nice about it; if there was nothing to eat in the house she was quite as cheerful as she was when a lot of golden ducats came in and she was going to have a party. If there happened to be no wood for the firing she would run in, pull Mozart up from his chair and waltz about with him until they both could laugh at the cold. Or she told stories to keep Mozart awake while he wrote out a belated score; yes, Constanze did very well.

Spring flowers stood in the open window, Mozart hung the starling's cage above them. "Come, Constanze," cried he as the bird began to pipe, "come and listen to the new bird's lovely notes."

Constanze laughed merrily. "Why, he is whistling the new concerto in G major, which you played last month in the concert."

"He is; and that's why I bought him."

Starlings were whistling Mozart's newest music; was it not time for Fame to appear? Yes, she felt like coming in but she suddenly remembered that it is better for genius to win its crown slowly; laurels too easily gained are too soon faded and for Mozart this must not be. But she glanced again at the earnest young face and the frail form then, "It will not be long before the crown is

yours," she whispered softly and closed the door. Mozart looked up; he may have heard.

Years came and went, bringing good days and evil, and Mozart often said, "It will not be long."

"You are working too hard, rest a little," advised his friends, but "I must work all the harder," was his only reply.

One day as the light was failing the gray man stood before him. His long coat hid his form, his hat covered his eyes. "Can you write me a mass for the dead?" asked he in hollow tones. Mozart nodded. "By December?" whispered the man in gray. Mozart nodded again. The gray man turned, he vanished away, but on the table lay a heap of shining ducats.

"December, December," exclaimed Mozart in sudden fear; "it is my own requiem that I am asked to write."

"No, no, ghostly messengers do not leave golden ducats," said Constanze, trying to comfort him. "Think of your Magic Flute and the new opera for the coronation at Prague; this money will come handy for the journey."

"He will forget all about it, once we are on the way," thought Constanze; but just as they were about to step into the coach, there stood the gray man beside it. "December; do not forget," said he, and was gone.

There was no time for requiems and sad thoughts at the coronation. Mozart had to conduct his opera and nobody could escape the balls and parties. But once more back in Vienna he set to work upon the Requiem and the Magic Flute, "the one for myself, the other for my

fame," said he. And when December came, both were ended and Mozart's life was done.

Then people said: "What a great genius he was."

"No, is," said Fame, and laid the laurel crown upon his bier, and behold, its leaves are fresh and green to this very day.

OF AN ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL SIR GALAHAD

INTO the good green wood rode Sir Galahad. It was after the adventure of the white shield and his parting with Sir Melias. He rode alone on his milk-white charger and the spell of the forest was all about him. Little flowers, red, purple and gold, made gay the path like to the painted border of a Book of Hours; a tiny snake glided through the moss, blue-winged moths fanned the air — ah, few such quiet hours as this had Sir Galahad known since he had gone forth on his quest. Nor would it be for long; beyond the wood waited the adventure of the Maidens' Castle and Sir Melias, too, would need succor since his exploit must end to his hurt; Sir Galahad knew it well, but now for a space he might throw back his helmet and feel the cool touch of the beech leaves on his cheeks.

Young was the knight for all his fame, and it might have been but yesterday that good King Pelleas called the lad Galahad, his grandson, before him and said: "My Galahad, the time has come when you must leave behind your childhood and go forth into the world and fulfil your destiny. Yours is the quest of the Holy Grail and even this night comes hither Sir Lancelot, that he may knight you. Then must you away to King Arthur's court, there to sit at the Table Round,

SIR GALAHAD

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after which begins your quest." Thus spoke King Pelleas and it all came to pass as he said. And after Sir Lancelot had again departed, those in the castle clothed the young knight in a scarlet robe and over it put a cunningly wrought suit of armor, but shield and sword they had none to give him. Thus went he forth and with him rode a venerable guide and a train of knights and squires.

Now in this time King Arthur was holding his court in the high hall at Camelot and with him sat many knights about the Table Round. And none sat above the other nor below, for there was neither head nor foot at the Table Round; all knights were equal there. Yet was there one seat at the board where none might sit. The Siege Perilous it was called and King Arthur's bravest knights quailed before the strange characters carven upon it; for dire his fate who was not free from sin and yet would dare to choose it for his own.

Now into the hall came a venerable man and a youth in armor. And when the armor was removed there stood Sir Galahad, like a king's son, clad in red and with ermine on his mantle. And the old man would not tarry nor tell his name, but departed with the train, leaving Sir Galahad standing there alone. Then went Sir Galahad to the empty seat, even the Siege Perilous and sat him down and great was the marvel thereat, for no harm befell him, nay, his name appeared there in bright letters even as the names of the others were written on their seats. And King Arthur was glad and yet sorrowful; glad because the blameless knight, Sir Galahad sat at the Table Round, and

sorrowful because he knew that many of his knights would go forth on the quest of the Holy Grail and but few of them return.

And the King spake words of welcome to the knight and seeing that he had no sword but wore only an empty scabbard at his belt, "Sir Galahad," said he: "there came floating down the stream this day a stone wherein was cleft a sword methinks would well become your scabbard. On the bank beneath our castle walls lodged the stone, yet might none draw forth the sword though there be those among us strong of arm."

"Yes," said Sir Galahad, "my sword must I find here at Camelot." Then went they down to where lay the stone and lo, when Sir Galahad put forth his hand the sword sprang forward at his touch, whereat again there was great marvel.

Now had Sir Galahad a sword but wanted yet a shield; nor would he have one of King Arthur's offering for his own white shield with the red cross was still at the white abbey and the adventure thereof was yet to come. However he did great feats of valor in the lists all shieldless that he was, for in the time that Sir Galahad bided at King Arthur's court there were feasts and tourneys in plenty and the Queen and her ladies looked on from a tower and crowned the victors.

The King and all his knights sat one eve at meat about the Table Round when of a sudden the torches flickered out and darkness fell upon the place. There was heard a sound of rushing wind and of thunder, after which a great white light shone forth and the Holy Grail, covered with a pall, passed through the air. Yet might the

knights not see it for the dazzling rays which blinded them. But when it had passed, sweet odors filled the hall and a delicate feast appeared upon the board. Then exclaimed many of the knights and took oath that they would go forth to seek the Holy Grail nor ever return until they had beheld it.

"Alas, sirs, ye do not well," cried King Arthur, sadly, "for few of you shall see this holy thing and fewer still return and never more shall we meet about the Table Round."

But the knights went forth and Sir Galahad rode to the white abbey and won his shield and he departed from Sir Melias and now for a space he rode alone.

. . . And Sir Galahad lost the path. The trees stood closer together and their tall trunks rose like columns and so many and so old were they that their tops shut out the sun and the knight fancied himself in some great minster. He dismounted and led his horse. Hark! was that far-away music, or was it the wind in the tree tops which made those sounds? Deeper grew the wood and more wild; brush and brambles and pointed rocks threatened Sir Galahad, who undaunted laughed them to scorn and would not turn back. Then on a sudden there came forth a great bear and barred the way with fierce growls and lifted paws. The knight drew his sword but the spirit of the wood ruled him and he let fall his arm to his side saying: "No; here in this peaceful wood I will not slay. Go, uncouth creature, back to thy den; here is sanctuary from all violence." Then dropped the shaggy monster to all fours and the wicked

gleam died out of his little eyes, while all the rocks and brambles turned to mossy banks and nodding ferns. Sir Galahad went on leading his charger, but the bear followed meekly behind, and so they fared until they came to where in the narrow path stood a grisly wolf.

"Ah," thought Sir Galahad, "there must be some enchantment near, that these beasts rise thus before me at every turn." Yet did he not essay to slay the wolf nor spake he any word, but stepping forward, cowed the snarling creature with a look; for strange eyes had Sir Galahad, quiet and dark as some mountain pool and yet keenly bright as flashing steel, and no evil might mirror there.

Then the wolf fell behind following with the bear, but Sir Galahad went first leading his white charger. In this wise had they proceeded but a little way when a fawn issued from the shadows. For a moment it stood timid and afraid, then suddenly it sprang forward and laid its head against Sir Galahad's hand after which it led the way to a clearing wherein stood a ruined tower. "Hoot!" cried the owl from the ivied wall, but Sir Galahad looked and wondered, for how came the little garden there? In it were sage and thyme and bergamot and tall white lilies standing in a row.

From the ruin came a doleful sound, the voice of one in distress or pain, and Sir Galahad, drawing near, beheld what seemed once to have been a human habitation, but a beam had fallen and with it part of the roof and the sky looked in upon the poverty within. And an old woman was tugging at the beam and trying to lift it and she sighed and

lamented sorely, for her strength was not enough to move it.

"Oh," thought Sir Galahad, "a witch!" For never before had he seen an old woman like this. His grandmother, the Queen, was silver haired beneath her golden crown and his nurse had been an ancient lady, but old crones, bent and ugly and poor, had never dared to cross his path. And witches had power to harm even a brave knight, indeed, an encounter with a lion might be less dangerous. But the witch turned her head and Sir Galahad looked into eyes as frightened and timid as the fawn's. Dear me, here was no witch only another wild creature of the woods. Then Sir Galahad, being wise beyond his years, loosed his horse's bridle and laying aside his shining armor, stood there clad in white. And he entered the ruin and with his strength lifted up the fallen beam and set it in place. "Now, Granny," cried he, "some stout branches and a thatch of moss and all will be well." Then sprang he to cut willow wands and oak boughs and the old woman at his behest brought moss and together they wove and twisted and thatched until the roof was sound and whole.

Sir Galahad sat outside the door to rest and the old woman baked an oatcake on a hot stone and brought of her slender store nuts and honey to refresh him. The beasts followed her about and a dove perched on her shoulder and ever as she came and went she gazed in wonder at the knight, so young and fair and with raiment all unsmirched by his toil. Such as she might not approach his kind, why even in the market town beyond the

wood the farm wives drew away from her when she dared to sit beside them, so lowly and despised was she, and now a knight had done her a kind deed and spoken words as kind; it must be a vision that would surely fade away.

Yet had her grandsire been a knight and in this very tower her mother had been cradled beneath a silken coverlet. But there came a foe by stealth and the castle was taken and all within slain and only the babe escaped in its nurse's arms. A beggar she grew up in the great city where none knew her lineage and by the church door she sat and asked alms for herself and the aged nurse. She married a soldier who was lost in the great war and when the city fell she fled with her child to the wood and lived and died in the old tower where she was born. And the child grew up a wood creature cunning and shy and innocent, wise in plant lore and healing and the friend of birds and beasts. The good hermit knew her and the goatherds but not many beside. Slow of speech was she and of few words and awe of the knight held her mute, so that but little could he guess of her story, but the good hermit after told him all.

Now on the air came a sound, faint and far away, but surely the sound of a bell; Sir Galahad looked up. "The hermit," said the old woman, pointing to where a narrow path led into the shadows.

Then Sir Galahad again buckled on his armor and took his horse by the bridle. "Farewell, Granny," said he and went his way.

"Hoot!" cried the owl after him, but the old woman, still lost in wonder, sat before the ruin

among her beasts, and the lilies in her garden shone like stars in the evening light.

That night Sir Galahad abode with the good hermit. Much converse held they together, both on things spiritual and things worldly, but when the moon stood high and white above the trees they sought their rest. And Sir Galahad in his sleep still pursued his quest. He dreamed of the ship in which he must sail over strange seas; and in the ship were wonders and a silver table upon which stood the Holy Grail all covered with red samite. Then came he to a foreign land and he wore a crown, for he was king there, and in this place came to him the fulfilment of his quest. Then he awoke for it was morning and he must leave the wood and seek Sir Melias, who had received a grievous hurt.

And many and great were the achievements of Sir Galahad and men knew of them and put them in the chronicles, but of this adventure in the wood they said never a word, for none knew it but Sir Galahad, and he never told.

EARLY DAYS IN CINCINNATI

For days and days the boat had been coming up the river and the passengers had grown weary of watching the silent, wooded hills and counting the bear brakes in the thickets along the banks. But now the boatman wound his horn and the hills softly re-echoed the call; the city was near.

Yes, out of the wilderness rose roofs and chimneys and before the broad landing-place lay many boats. The passengers crowded on deck to see and the people on shore waved a welcome and all was bustle and confusion.

"Oh, but, Mother," cried one of the English lady's little girls, "what a strange flat city; there are neither towers nor steeples!"

"No, dear," replied the English lady, "but you must not forget that this is a very young city, and that many of its people are older than the town."

"Oh, oh!" thought Shobal Clevenger, who stood on the landing and heard them. "If they had come from my home back in the hills they would think this a fine big place; some of those old towns must be wonderful indeed."

The fine people all came down from the boat and went into the hotel, but Shobal Clevenger turned up towards the town. He had come to seek his fortune in Cincinnati and he must set about to find the way. The red brick pavements looked

very nice but to a lad used to soft country paths they proved hard to walk upon, and the middle of the street was much more comfortable.

"Yes," mused he as he went along, "these city people are all rich, and perhaps some day I, too, shall own one of these splendid stores and live in a big house like the one at the corner." And thinking of these things, Shobal Clevenger felt that they were already his, whereat he gave a leap for joy.

But alas, he came to earth with a sudden shock, for he did not see the big pig in his path. And the pig, having discovered a nice lot of potato parings in the street, was not minded to turn out for any pedestrian, so with a shout and a squeal they both went down together.

"Ho, ho!" cried a voice, whereupon Shobal Clevenger sprang up and rubbed his knee, but the pig, with a grunt, went back to the potato parings.

"Ho, ho!" cried the voice again and a merry face peeped through the door of a workshed. "Star gazing seldom pays; what did you expect to find in the clouds?"

"Work, I suppose," replied Clevenger, with a rueful grin for the knee still ached. "At least that is what it should have been, for it is what I need."

"How would you like to help me with mine?" Shobal Clevenger approached the shed door and looked within. All about lay blocks of marble; against the walls stood rows of crosses and tombstones with here and there an angel or a lamb.

"I think I should like it very much," said Shobal, with his eyes on one of the angels, and so he became a marble cutter.

It was a sickly season and the new graveyard was fast filling with tombstones and Shobal Clevenger and his master chipped and chiseled from morning until night. Shobal learned to round a stone and cut scrolls and hour-glasses, but angels were much harder to do. Still this did not keep him from trying — on a spoiled piece of marble at first — on a better piece after. A passer-by stopped to look on: "Very good," said he to himself, "I must keep an eye on this boy; he seems talented."

Yes, there was no doubt about it, Shobal Clevenger had the making of a sculptor and the kind gentleman decided to help him a little. He sat for his bust and encouraged him to go to the new academy of arts, and when the English lady paid the academy a visit there sat the country lad bending over a drawing board.

"She is from London," whispered Hiram Powers who sat beside him, "and she is building the bazar on Third Street."

"What is a bazar?" asked Shobal, who was always eager to learn.

"It is a place where they sell all manner of fine things; cups and jewels and rugs and the like. This one is to have a concert hall and a tea room too," explained Hiram Powers who knew all about it.

"Oh," said Shobal Clevenger, and later, when the bazar was finished, he cried "Oh!" again, for it was a most fanciful structure with pointed windows, "Just like a church," thought he,— and odd ornaments all along the top. And inside there were many wonders, but the best of all was

a wall painting of General Lafayette and other famous men, for the celebrated Frenchman had visited Cincinnati some time before and the picture was to help people remember it.

" Indeed," said Shobal Clevenger, " I must talk this over with some one and I think I'll hunt up Hiram Powers. I haven't seen him since he left the academy and went to work in the museum."

Shobal was becoming quite used to city ways by this time and could walk with ease on the brick pavements. So he went along until he came to the museum where Hiram Powers had found work. The door was open and nobody was in sight, so Shobal boldly entered and wandered about among long rows of glass cases filled with bones and stones and earthen pots and jars, but never a soul was there to be seen. However, the sound of voices came from somewhere above and a flight of stairs rising before him, up he went.

At the top he found another open door and a large dim-lighted room. But oh, what was this? Iron bars rose on every side and behind them — what were those strange wild figures? Shobal Clevenger looked and feared, and impelled by curiosity looked again. Oh, and oh, and oh! no wonder there were iron bars. Peering through them, scarcely a foot away, was a hideous dwarf with a great head and a hump and yes — his eyes shot flames and — and — why he was changing — he spread and grew and was no longer a dwarf but a horrid giant with his head touching the ceiling. Shobal Clevenger turned faint, you could have knocked him down with a feather. But he was thankful for those bars. Then the other

cages became animated; great serpents twisted and writhed, human figures turned into trees; monsters crouched among rocks and red and green lights revealed one dreadful shape after the other. Shobal Clevenger turned to flee from the spot when a cheerful voice cried out: "That last effect was splendid; it will prove a great success," and Hiram Powers and the museum manager walked into the room.

"Ha!" cried they both when they beheld the visitor and Hiram added, "Why, if it isn't Shobal Clevenger!"

But Shobal could only stammer, "Oh, Hiram, those monsters!"

"Yes, I am proud of them," replied Hiram Powers. "I am their creator."

"You?" exclaimed his friend.

"Indeed, yes," laughed the other, "and I am almost ashamed to confess that they are really nothing but wax figures."

"I thought —" began Shobal.

"I know," interrupted Hiram; "you mean what has become of my plan of being a sculptor. I still hope to be one; meanwhile I am modeling in wax instead of clay and, after all, the old sculptors did the same. But come, let me show you around."

So Shobal Clevenger learned the secret that turned dwarfs into giants and men into trees, and he forgot all about the English lady's bazar until he was once more well on the way home.

Shobal Clevenger and Hiram Powers climbed one of the many hills behind the town and wandered about in the autumn woods. The trees were golden and brown and through their branches

could be seen the flowing river and the boats going up and down.

"I must go too," said Hiram Powers thoughtfully. "My home lies among other hills far beyond the mountains, but I must go farther still, across the ocean to Italy, where all the lovely statues are, for I shall never become famous if I linger here."

"Oh," sighed Shobal, "and you are even now a much better sculptor than I can ever hope to be."

"You are younger, that is all," declared Hiram. "Some day you too, will want to go to the places beyond the mountains. As to our work, no one can tell what we both may yet do."

The English lady, too, was in the hillside woods that day and she had a picnic lunch there and afterwards wrote about the gay colors of the trees in her book. On her way home she passed the two lads, but she did not know that she should have put them into her book too.

And now Hiram Powers was gone, not quite to Italy as yet, but to Washington, where he made busts of all the famous people there and won much renown. The English lady, too, went away. Her bazar had not turned out well and she was very much displeased with Cincinnati and said so in her famous book.

Shobal Clevenger, however, still liked the pleasant town and saw it grow with pride. New houses went up so fast you could hardly count them and the boats brought more and more people every day. As to the landing-place, it was so crowded with sugar and cocoanuts and watermelons coming from the South, and boxes and barrels of lard and

pork going to England, that you hardly dared venture there.

And Shobal Clevenger grew with the town; he was no longer a marble cutter but a sculptor. He had a studio and so many great people came to sit for their portraits that the fine house of his dreams might yet be his.

"But this will not do," said he. "I must get out into the world and learn more about my art." So over the mountains he went and lived for a time in Washington where he modeled busts of more great men. But what he wanted was not there, nor was it in New York; he must try and find it overseas.

And when he was in Italy among all the beautiful statues, he was glad, for surely they would teach him much. And he met Hiram Powers. "Who would have thought that we should tread these stones together," said Hiram, "and do you know, the English lady is here too; we must go visit her. But first come and see what I have been doing."

When they entered the studio Shobal rubbed his eyes at sight of all the white splendor there. Could it be that these fair shapes were the work of Hiram Powers? The same Hiram who had once modeled wax figures for the museum in far-away Cincinnati? "Ah," said Shobal at length, "they are indeed lovely, but I like the 'Greek Slave' best of all."

"Most people do," replied Hiram, "but I myself, am very fond of my 'Eve.'"

"Oh, yes, she is very good," said Shobal, "but I think that people will call the 'Greek Slave'

your masterpiece," and he was right, for so they do to this day.

As to the English lady, she was still writing books and growing rich over it. She made Shobal welcome and inquired about Cincinnati. "I am a little sorry that I said unkind things about the city," declared she, "but they were meant for its own good. They tell me, though, that the place has changed in the ten years that I have been away."

"Indeed, it has," Shobal Clevenger made haste to assure her. "The canal has helped it grow and I think your scolding did it no harm, for famous travelers from overseas have come to take a look at it and its name has been in many mouths."

But Shobal had work to do, so he bade farewell to his friends and their pleasant city of Florence and went on his way to Rome, where he set up his studio. Those were happy days for the young sculptor; he modeled in clay and he chiseled in marble and then one day an American Indian came to join the proud array of statues in the old city beside the Tiber. "A bit of home," cried the Americans when they saw the splendid figure and they felt proud when the Romans came to admire it.

"Yes," said the Romans, "Hiram Powers' 'Greek Slave' may be more beautiful, but this is different; it may truly be called the first piece of American sculpture," and they came again and again to view it.

Other figures grew in the studio and many busts, and they may still be seen in the cities of Shobal Clevenger's home land, for it happened that one

by one they found their way over the sea. And presently the sculptor himself began to long for home; the yellow Tiber reminded him of the broader yellow Ohio; when he looked at the hills, he said, "There are hills at home too," and when the wind blew in January he shivered and wrote to his friend, Hiram Powers:

"Do you remember how we skated on the ponds in Cincinnati, and what fun the boys had coasting down Third Street hill? I did not mind the cold then, but now I wish for a splendid log fire and biscuits and molasses."

But the longing and the marble dust together made Shobal Clevenger ill and he laid down his tools and said: "I must go home." His friends shook their heads for it was a long journey over the sea, but they went with him to the ship and waved a last adieu as it sped away over the foam. Shobal Clevenger's work was done and his friends knew it. His statues might go home but the young sculptor himself lies buried in the waves that wash the shores of the Old World.

PERSEUS

Cellini

BENVENUTO AND HIS PERSEUS

BENVENUTO, the goldsmith, had made a model of wax and he proudly showed it to Duke Cosimo. "Ah," said the Duke, looking hard at the little figure, "winged sandals and cap, Mercury, of course."

"Not exactly," explained Benvenuto, "but an excusable mistake, for the cap and sandals are indeed Mercury's; Perseus borrowed them when he went out against the Medusa. See, that is the monster at his feet and he is holding the severed head in his hand."

"To be sure," laughed Duke Cosimo, "and, now I remember, this is to be the Perseus which you are to make for me in bronze."

"Yes," replied Benvenuto, "it is; and if Your Excellency will also remember about the house —"

"But, my Benvenuto," interrupted the Duke, who thought he knew all about art, for in those days you were not the right sort of king or duke unless you had an art collection and a host of artists working for you —"my Benvenuto, this figure cannot succeed in bronze; the art will not allow it. I have taken pains to inform myself and I understand all about it."

"Yes, Your Excellency, as a patron but not as artist," replied Benvenuto, who expected the Duke to admire and not to criticise.

"But tell me, Benvenuto," persisted Duke Cosimo, "how is it possible for that fine head of Medusa which Perseus holds so high in his hand, to come out well?"

"Oh, my Lord," protested Benvenuto, "it is the foot and not the head that I feel anxious about. It is the nature of fire to mount and therefore the head of Medusa will result well, but because it is not the nature of fire to go downwards and since it has to be driven downwards by force of art, for this reason I tell Your Excellency that it is impossible for that foot to come out perfectly in the casting, although it will be an easy matter to repair it."

"We shall see," said the duke, shaking his head, "we shall see," and he went away, followed by his courtiers, all shaking their heads and looking twice as disdainful and displeased as their lord.

"Alas!" cried Benvenuto, gloomily, "had I but stayed in Paris with good King Francis. He gave me a fine palace for workshop without my asking and here I have to beg for a modest house. But what was I to do? I had to come back to Florence to take care of my poor sister and her six young daughters and our Duke bade me work for him. He means well, does the Duke, but he lends an ear to every comer. I know that envious Bandinelli is at the bottom of it all; just because he spoils all that good marble, he pretends that I cannot work in bronze. I feel like giving the whole thing up and going back to France."

Benvenuto said as much to the Duke the next time he saw him, but the Lord of Florence was not minded to allow the King of France to rob him of

his artist, so he told Benvenuto not to think of leaving but to make all possible haste with the Perseus which he felt sure would be the finest statue in the square and he was most anxious to see it there. Now Donatello's Judith and Michelangelo's David stood in the square before the palace and Benvenuto felt proud to think that his work should be deemed worthy of a place beside them. To be sure, he was not quite pleased that his rival Bandinelli was to have the same honor, but the Duke considered Bandinelli an excellent sculptor and very much admired his great statue of Neptune, even though Benvenuto laughed at it.

And the Duke gave Benvenuto the house. "It is yours," said he, "but why not come and do your work in the palace, I should like to watch you at it."

But, "No," said Benvenuto, "I need too much space for all my furnaces and workrooms, and Your Excellency would soon wish me away. But in the new house there will be room in in the garden for the furnaces for clay and bronze; other smaller furnaces can be set up indoors and I shall still have a couple of rooms left for my goldsmith's work," for Benvenuto was the greatest of goldsmiths and loved the work and even his ambition to be considered a sculptor could not lessen his affection for it.

"Very well, then," said Duke Cosimo, "do as you will, only let me have the Perseus without delay."

"And don't forget my golden girdle," said the Duchess, who did not care for the statue at all and would not permit it to interfere with her de-

sire for the pretty things in gold and silver which Benvenuto could fashion with such grace and skill.

The Duchess was a great lady and had never heard of "no," so Benvenuto, although he grumbled, designed the girdle and set his apprentices to work upon it. Then he went into the garden, for the furnace must be constructed at once. "What a wilderness!" cried he aghast, "these grapevines and trees must come away," and in his impatient eagerness he began to cut them down with great energy. In the end, however, he found it easier to call in a couple of men to complete the task and to clear out the weeds and nettles, after which the workshop was erected and the furnace put in place. It was an excellent furnace and the figure of Medusa, the first piece cast therein, resulted most beautifully, "And it was a difficult figure to cast, too," said Benvenuto. All this time and long before, the clays had been ripening and getting into fit condition to be used for the mould of the Perseus. Benvenuto now built up the figure of clay over a framework of iron, and as he had done with the Medusa, made it thinner by the breadth of half a finger than the finished statue was to be. After he had baked this model he brought it up to its proper dimensions by covering it with wax. "And now, my Perseus, you are ready for your tunic," said Benvenuto, as he began to enfold the figure in its outer covering of soft clay and to girdle it about with iron supports. Every now and then he made a small opening in the clay: "These air holes will allow the melted wax to run out," said he to his workmen, "and the more holes you make the better the mould will

fill. Now for the fire to withdraw the wax;—Hold! not so much wood, we need only a gentle fire for this."

"Good," said Benvenuto, when the wax was all out, "now take these bricks and build an oven all about the form, and be sure to leave sufficient openings through which the fire may escape." The men worked with a will; in fact, you could not do otherwise when Benvenuto was around, and the oven was soon completed and wood brought for the lighting. The fire had to be kept up two days and two nights after which the form came out quite hard and ready to receive the bronze. First, however, it had to be lifted from the oven into the ditch prepared for it and this was accomplished by means of ropes and levers. Once in position it was firmly walled in and supplied with numerous air holes made of baked clay. "Keep at it, keep at it!" cried Benvenuto to his men who were proceeding entirely to his satisfaction; "I must see to the furnace." This had been filled with lumps of copper and pieces of bronze, piled up in such a manner that the heat might the more quickly melt them and cause them to liquify. "Quick, light the fire!" cried Benvenuto, piling on some resinous pine wood and starting a great blaze. Back and forth, on this side and on that, watching and feeding the fire, ran the master and after him the men, all sweating and panting and out of breath but never for an instant ceasing their work. But the fierce flames set fire to the workshop roof and it threatened to fall in. At the same time a thunder storm broke over the city and torrents of rain dashed against the furnace from the garden

end and cooled it off. "The bronze is melting, more wood, more wood, keep up the fire!" cried Benvenuto, running hither and thither. But suddenly he stopped; a burning fever came upon him and he could no longer work. Turning to his men, ten in all, master bronze founders, laborers, peasants and the men from his workshop, he addressed his chief workman saying: "Look you, my Bernardino, I have shown you how to proceed; the metal will soon be ripe and if you follow the rules properly you cannot make a mistake. These other worthy men will make the channels and with these two bars of iron you can open the two holes and release the metal. I am certain that the mould will fill as it should. I feel more ill than ever in all my life before and I believe that in a few hours all will be over with me." With this, Benvenuto left, very unhappy in spirit and betook himself to bed. Calling to his housekeeper, he desired her to send the maids to the workshop with some lunch for the men, telling her at the same time that he would not live to see the morrow. His women folk, however, tried to cheer him up and assured him that he would get over it and that it was only over-exertion which made him feel so ill. But Benvenuto grew worse and worse and tossed about in his bed for a couple of hours. Then his fever brought on a vision — Benvenuto was given to visions and often imagined he saw strange things. This time it was a queer little man, as bent and crooked as the letter S. This strange figure began to lament: "Poor Benvenuto, your work is spoiled and nothing in the world can help it now!" At this Benvenuto

uttered a great cry and leaping from his bed, he began to dress in great haste. When his housekeeper and the others would have helped him he struck at them and drove them off with blows, crying and groaning most bitterly all the while. Then he rushed to the workshop and oh! oh! what a sight met his eyes! There stood his workers, pale faced and trembling and there was the furnace half dead and the metal a solid cake.

"You did not obey orders," roared Benvenuto. "Each man to his place and obey them now."

"What you ask is impossible and contrary to the rules of the art," ventured one of the master founders, but Benvenuto turned on him in such a rage that the rest all cried: "Tell us what to do, Master, we will obey you in everything."

"Quick, then," cried Benvenuto; "run to neighbor Capretta, the butcher, and ask him for the seasoned oak wood which his wife told me I might have; oak makes a fierce fire, ha! see how the metal quickens to life, how it sparkles and glows! Here, you others, up to the roof! Don't you see that it has caught fire again? Get some boards and carpets and shut out that rain before the furnace cools off the second time. Come and help me with the channels," and he infused so much of his own spirit into those about him that they did the work of thirty men and not of ten.

The mass began to liquify and Benvenuto cast in a great lump of pewter weighing nearly sixty pounds, and they stirred it thoroughly with great poles of iron; ah, yes, things always go well when the master is around. Master and men alike looked with joy into the seething cauldron and

Benvenuto forgot all about his fever, when suddenly there came a great flash of flame, followed by a loud report. "We've been struck by lightning!" wailed the youngest apprentice and they were all frightened, Benvenuto the most of all. It was not a thunderbolt however, but the cover of the furnace which had caused the noise. This had burst asunder and now the bronze was overflowing. "Quick," commanded Benvenuto, "open the mouth of the mould and set free the bronze." But the metal ran sluggishly and this was not as it should be. "The fierce heat has consumed the alloy," cried Benvenuto; "run with all haste and bid them give you all my pewter plates and bowls and platters." They were brought, about two hundred in all, and Benvenuto cast then one by one into the furnace, whereupon the bronze ran freely and the mould was filled.

And being pious workmen they thanked God, after which they ate and drank together and the night being as yet not quite spent, Benvenuto went to bed and to sleep. When he awoke he was very hungry and he found that it was dinner time. "Ah, and this is the man who was going to die!" cried his housekeeper, when she saw his smiling face. "Well, dinner is ready, but we have no dishes."

"Send out for earthen pots and plates," cried Benvenuto; "your dinner will be none the less good for being served up in such humble style," and, indeed, the household never made a merrier meal.

Benvenuto was happy, the storm was over and the sun shone in at the workshop door and all the

workmen came and looked at the mould. How had the casting resulted? There could be no answer, as they very well knew, for two whole days, yet still they wondered. Benvenuto wondered too and when at last he began most carefully and little by little to uncover his work, he hoped and feared and rejoiced all in one, for he found that the head of Medusa had come, the head of Perseus too, and as he went on down, every part of the figure was as it should be. "I hope the foot will not come," thought Benvenuto, who wanted to say to the Duke, "I told you so," but the leg was perfect and so was the heel; "Well, well!" But oh, joy, there were no toes after all, and part of the foot was missing. Now, what would Duke Cosimo say? Benvenuto would have to supply the missing parts, but what was the work beside the pleasure of his triumph?

The Duke said, "Who would have thought it?" and he felt proud of his clever artist and his beautiful work which was to be put in place as soon as Benvenuto had fashioned all the ornaments, figures and garlands, which he placed on the pedestal. When it was finally set up, all Florence, as usual, came out to wonder and admire, and before long it became one of the sights of the city.

And Benvenuto, every time that he crossed the palace square to bring some of his gold and silver work to the Duchess, would glance proudly at his bronze "Perseus" standing beside Donatello's "Judith," and then just once again smile disdainfully at Bandinelli's "Neptune" beyond the palace wall.

THE STORY OF TRAJAN'S COLUMN

In the old days when the Danube River was called the Ister, there lay on its banks a kingdom called Dacia. The Dacians were great warriors and every once in a while King Decebalus and his men would come down from their mountain strongholds and invade the territory of their neighbors across the river.

When this became known in Rome there was a pretty to do, for the Dacians were attacking Roman allies, a thing never to be allowed, and the Emperor at once posted soldiers all along the Danube to guard the borders.

"Ah!" said Decebalus, when he saw the forts go up, "this means trouble for Dacia, I fear. We shall have to discourage these Romans, or they will end by coming over here."

Then he and his chieftains tried to dislodge the Romans, whereupon more soldiers were sent from Rome and there was more fighting than ever before. At last one day there was a great battle in which both sides claimed the victory.

"We won!" said the Roman general to Decebalus, "and you must acknowledge yourself a vassal of Rome."

"No, we won," declared Decebalus, "but if Rome will pay me a yearly tribute and allow me besides some soldiers to teach my men building

and military art, I shall agree to being called your vassal."

The Roman commander objected, but seeing no way out of it he called a truce and sent to Rome to ask what he should do.

The Emperor returned answer that if it had to be Rome would pay the tribute and furnish the military instructors, but since it was a victory and Decebalus had become a vassal, Rome should celebrate accordingly. So the usual festivities were set in motion and the story of the glorious victory carved on an arch for all to see. But nothing was said on it about the tribute.

Years came and went and emperors changed in Rome, but the tribute kept on being paid. Then Trajan became emperor. He had been a brave soldier and a good general and now he meant to be a just ruler, so he tried to look into things. When he came to the matter of the tribute money, he shook his head and said:

"Tribute for a victory: how can that be?" And every time he passed under the sculptured arch he would remark, "When I have more time I must go to Dacia and look into this victory."

At last he found time and set out for Dacia. The way was long and led over land and sea, over mountain and stream. Sometimes there came a stretch of good Roman road, built long years ago, but it always broke off again and the Emperor and his train would have to plod through the mire. Sometimes there was no road at all, only the great dense forest which stretched before them for miles. The broad Danube, too, had to be ferried, for although a bridge to span it had been planned and

even begun, it, like the roads, had never been finished. At last, however, Dacia was reached. When Trajan beheld the splendid Dacian cavalry and the hill towns with their strong walls and forts, he became thoughtful.

" Decebalus has been only too apt a pupil," he said to himself. " It will be no easy task to make him change his mind about the tribute money. Yet it must be done and the sooner the better. I must go back to Rome at once."

But before the Emperor rode back to Rome he addressed the soldiers stationed in the forts along the river. These soldiers were not real Romans like the legionaries, but were recruited from the subjected provinces. Guarding the borders of the empire and making military roads were among their duties.

The Emperor told them nothing of his plans but scolded about the roads.

" Let them be set in order at once," commanded he; " fine auxiliaries you must be, indeed, if you think that because all roads lead to Rome any sort of road will do. Remember that Rome wants her roads so well built that future ages may still mark the paths her armies trod."

" Aha ! " thought the soldiers at the end of this speech, " something more exciting than road building is going to happen in this region before long." Then the Emperor rode away and the auxiliaries fell to work; the great oaks came crashing down, morasses were drained and filled, hillocks vanished away and stout bridges went up over streams and rivers; yes, the road beside the Danube would be ready when the Emperor should need it.

Meanwhile Decebalus was watching all this road making with suspicion. His spies, too, brought him much disquieting news; boats filled with stores, yes, and with soldiers too, came daily down stream and the wood piles and hay stacks in the fort enclosures were unusually large. Here was danger threatening Dacia, that was clear; he must prepare to meet it. So he exercised his troops, garnered grain and other stores, repaired breaches and fortified weak walls until he felt ready and able to cope with the entire Roman army.

And then, one spring day, when the ice was all gone from the river, the Roman army came marching along the new road. Each soldier carried his sword and shield and kit and the standard bearers proudly bore the eagle banners. At a certain point Trajan called a halt.

"Half of the army crosses here with me," said he. "The other half must continue down stream to the old ferry and there enter Dacia. From the ferry a road will lead you straight up through the mountains to the Iron Gates pass. We shall meet there and together attack the Dacian capital."

This was a fine plan, but Decebalus, who guessed some of it, was not much alarmed, for the Iron Gates pass was a narrow defile which formed the approach to Sarmizegetusa, his capital, and he felt sure that he could hold it against the enemy.

The Romans, meanwhile, built them two bridges of boats; one at the old ferry, where all that part of the army went over. Apollodorus, the builder, however did not cross with the rest. Trajan had commanded him to build a good strong bridge over the stream and he lost no time but set to work

at once. The other bridge of boats was further up stream and over it Trajan led his part of the army. While they were resting in camp, Trajan called a council of war and the campaign began in earnest. First of all the auxiliaries were sent on ahead, to act as scouts. Hardly had the hoof-beats of their horses died away before preparations were begun for the *lustratio,* or camp sacrifice, in which the trumpeters and sacrificial beasts marched three times around the camp. This was the custom at the beginning of every campaign. When this was over, the Emperor addressed the troops and told them that he expected every man to do his duty. After this the army was ready to proceed on its long march around the outskirts of Dacia. Every once in a while a halt was made for a fort to be built and while the legionaries were working at this the auxiliaries stood guard and looked out for the enemy. Once they built a wall clear across a valley so that the Dacians should not be able to cross. Traces of this wall and of the hill forts are to be seen in that country to this very day. As soon as a fort was built, men were left to guard it and the army pushed on to the next halting place. The people round about were neutral; that is, if they did not approve of the Romans, they did not at least attack them. Once, indeed, they sent a messenger to tell Trajan not to come up that way, but the Emperor refused to be turned back.

At last, however, the fort building came to an end, for the Romans found themselves quite close to the Iron Gates. Here they set up a fortified

camp and prepared to await the coming of the second army.

But now Decebalus took a hand. "Oho!" he said, "the Romans expect to come through the pass; be up, my brave men, and teach them their mistake."

So the Dacians gathered in the deep dark forest, silently, stealthily, and drew nearer and nearer to the hostile camp.

The scouts scented danger and Trajan prepared for battle. And there was a battle, a fierce, mad struggle, the battle of Tapæ, the first of the war. The Dacians began it; they broke from the forest and attacked the Romans on the plain before the Iron Gates. Both sides fought with might and many were the deeds of prowess done that day. On the Roman side the auxiliaries, as usual, were sent to meet the first onslaught; when they wavered or fell, the legionaries rushed into the breach. All that day the battle raged and the Romans said that Jupiter Tonans fought with them, for a thunder storm blew up and the wind sent the rain into the faces of the Dacians. However, the Romans could not boast of a victory, for at the end of the fray the Dacians still held the pass and they carried off their wounded into the safety of the sheltering wood. The Romans, too, lost heavily and although they were not driven from their position, Trajan saw that it would be impossible to reach Sarmizegetusa through the narrow pass. So he waited until the rest of the army came up the road to meet him. Then, leaving the greater part of the troops in the strong camp near

the pass, and sending detachments to guard all the new forts, he slowly retraced his way to the river and went into winter quarters at some distance from Dacia. Thus ended the first battle of the war, much to the satisfaction of Decebalus and somewhat to the chagrin of the Roman emperor. But Trajan had not given up; no indeed. He sent to Rome for more troops and supplies and ordered all things to be in readiness by spring, for while the rivers were full of ice he could not do anything.

While he was away the Dacians and some of their allies came down again from the mountains and once more invaded the territory across the river. Trajan heard of this the first thing when he came back in the spring. He had planned a new campaign during the winter and now he brought with him to the old ferry fresh transports and supplies and many more soldiers. But this matter of the invasion had to be settled before all else. So while the transports and troops were still unloading, the Emperor dispatched some of his fleetest cavalry to the seat of the trouble, and, taking horse himself, followed after as soon as he was able. It was a wild ride, that of Trajan and his escort, but when they came up with the first division they found the enemy already beaten and in full flight. The fleeing Dacians made for the mountains, where they would be safe from the Romans, but as they carried great quantities of booty with them, their progress was slow. Just as night overtook them they reached the hill country and the edge of safety and, wearied by a hard day's march, the whole camp fell asleep.

Then the Romans, who had been in pursuit, came upon the camp lying all hushed and silent beneath the round white moon, and ere the Dacians could spring to arms, put them utterly to rout and recaptured all the spoils.

After this the Emperor felt that he could go back to the old ferry and continue the war. The new bridge was not yet ready, so the bridge of boats was again thrown across the river and the army began its march on Sarmizegetusa. It was a long road this time, through the mountains to the east of Dacia. There were no Iron Gates to protect the capital on this side, so Decebalus had thrown a chain of forts across the upper valleys. Trajan knew this and also that there would be hard fighting this time, but as he could not hope to reach Sarmizegetusa any other way he decided that this was the way that should lead him to success.

At first the Romans encountered no other obstacles than the roads, but these were bad enough. No one ever thought of traveling over the steep and stony mountains and through the dense forests and swampy valleys where the aurochs and bear and other wild beasts dwelt. So, while the scouts kept a sharp lookout, the legionaries built forts to protect the army in the rear and then they made a splendid road; for the welfare of the army depended on the roads, since all food had to be carried by mule and wagon over those steep and sterile heights. And all the while the army pushed forward, the wonderful, conquering Roman army, gathered from all parts of the world; and it was strange to see swarthy Moors from Africa and from Spain, fair-haired barbarians from the

German forests, Roman citizen troops, and even Dacians, from tribes unfriendly to Decebalus, marching in company with the legionaries through gloomy forests and over bleak passes.

But now Decebalus began to grow alarmed. He had counted on the wilderness for protection but when he saw the forests crashing down before the Romans and the road growing beneath their feet he feared for Sarmizegetusa. He called together his chieftains therefore in consultation:

"If the Romans succeed in reaching the capital we are lost," he said. "We cannot escape by the Iron Gates for the enemy lies before the entrance; we cannot reach the ferry for the long pass is also blocked; our only hope lies in the eastern forts."

"But they are strong and well manned," cried the chieftains; "surely the force of the army will break against them."

"Let us trust it may," said the King. "But, should the Romans carry them, we must do as at Tapæ and attack them in their camp."

So it happened that when the Romans reached the first forts they met with stout resistance. But Trajan commanded that they must fall and the troops surged through all the valleys and forced them one by one. Even the chain of strong forts that the Roman engineers had constructed for Decebalus, could not hold out. What the Dacian king had feared was about to happen; the Romans were going to take the city. Then the Dacians hastened from hill and town and waited until the enemy had encamped in the great plain at the foot of the mountains. The Romans, however, knew Dacian ways and were ready for the attack. In

ROMAN SOLDIERS BUILDING ROADS

Trajan's Column — Rome

the battle which followed, it would be hard to say who fought most bravely, the desperate Dacians, or the determined Romans. But fortune this time favored the Romans, the Dacian ranks broke and ere long the followers of Decebalus were in full flight. All was lost then, for although Sarmizegetusa, as was the duty of a royal city, offered resistance, yet it was a forlorn hope from the first, and Decebalus had to acknowledge himself not only beaten but also willing to come to terms. So he accepted the vassalage and promised to pull down his forts and also to return the engineers and builders as well as certain deserters, who had gone over to him.

Then Trajan and his hosts drew up in festal array before the camp and the conquered chieftains, Decebalus at their head, came and knelt before the Emperor and swore fealty. Behind them followed the Roman workmen and instructors, glad that their work in Dacia was ended and that they were soon to see Rome again. The deserters were also in the train, but they looked dogged and sullen for they knew that an unhappy fate awaited them.

After this, peace was declared and, leaving a great part of the army to care for the forts, the Emperor went back to Rome.

II

Decebalus was unhappy: he was still called king, it is true, but the emperor of Rome had more to say about Dacia than had its rightful ruler. His good city Sarmizegetusa was in the hands of strangers and when he looked from his palace he

saw his two young sons playing with the Roman guards.

"My sons will learn to like foreign ways," he said bitterly, "and my heir will never be a true Dacian king."

Then he went away from his city and carried his boys and his great treasure up to a stronghold in the mountains. Here he and his chieftains hunted in the forests, or sat in the great hall and lamented over the state of things. From lamenting they fell to plotting and all at once it was clear in their minds that the Romans must be driven out. Then the King and his chieftains asked their friends to go boar hunting with them; but when they were met in the deep dark forest, the boar went all unharmed while the hunters talked of a far different quarry — the Romans. The King's party strengthened from day to day and at last he felt strong enough to attack the Roman forts.

The besieged sent word to Trajan. "What!" cried the Emperor, "Decebalus has dared to break his word! On to Dacia, my legions!"

So once again men and stores came down the Danube. Trajan, taking his fleetest horsemen, hurried on ahead, anxious to relieve the forts, which were hard beset. He crossed the Danube at the first ferry and went up over the road which led to the Iron Gates. At the battlefield of Tapæ he paused long enough to sacrifice to the memory of his brave men who had fallen there. Then on again past Sarmizegetusa and over the plain to the forts, coming up behind the Dacians, thus besieging the besiegers, and turning the tide of war. The Dacians escaped into the forest where the

Romans could not follow, and winter as usual calling a truce to the fighting, Trajan proceeded down to the old ferry, there to meet his army and go into winter quarters.

This time the army was able to cross on the fine new bridge, for Apollodorus had just finished it and most proud he was of his work, as was Trajan too, who greatly admired the twenty bold arches leaping the great stream. The event had to be fittingly celebrated, of course, and the Emperor held a sacrifice and dedicated the bridge to good Father Danube, who was so friendly to the Romans.

Now all that winter while the Romans lay in camp beside the river and the tribes from round about came to do homage to the power of Rome, Decebalus far up in the mountains was getting his city ready to withstand the coming siege. It was a strong city, lying on a plateau and fortified on three sides. Behind it rose a steep mountain and attack from that quarter was impossible. The city was still further protected by a second town, built on a lower lying plateau beneath the walls. The lower town was also well defended and had to be stormed before the upper city could be attacked.

"Now," said Decebalus, looking at his stronghold with pride, "let the Romans come! We shall try and lay in food enough for many months; then they may batter away at our walls until tired, for storm them they never can."

Thereupon he ordered in all the supplies that could be procured; and transports of grain and provisions of every kind came daily through the gates and were placed in storehouses. Great piles

of stones, too, were gathered and heaped up at points along the walls from which they were later to be hurled down upon the assailants. Day and night, watchmen looked from the high towers lest the enemy steal up unawares.

Then in the spring, the scouts brought news. The Romans had crossed the bridge and were on the march; a mighty army in two divisions, surging up through the valleys and passes. At their approach the Dacians were leaving their towns and villages and fleeing to the mountains.

Yes, the Romans were coming; the watchers on the towers saw them and gave the alarm. The gates were locked and the defenders manned the walls. Ah, but Decebalus was glad that the walls stood so firm, for the attacking party made a bold assault. Nothing would stop those Romans, neither stones nor arrows nor burning oil. When they fell others stood ready to take their places, and they swarmed up the scaling ladders as though nothing had happened. Days passed into weeks and weeks into months and still the siege went on. The lower city yielded after a time and the soldiers pulled down the walls, but the upper town was impregnable.

"Throw up works all around the walls," commanded Trajan; "we must try and starve the place into submission."

It was done as he ordered and a hard task it was, but once finished, the Romans had only to wait for the inevitable. They could hunt game in the woods and their supply trains came up regularly over the great broad road, but save for a narrow trail over the mountains, the Dacians

were shut off from the world. They held out bravely and made frequent sorties, hoping to break the Roman lines, but these attempts were always fraught with disaster to themselves. And time passed by on leaden feet and gaunt famine began to stalk the streets. Decebalus felt pity for his suffering people, so he called together his chieftains and said:

"We cannot hold out much longer, and if Trajan will let us march out with all the honors of war, I shall surrender the town."

Then he hoisted a flag of truce and under its cover an ambassador approached the Emperor and brought him the King's message.

Trajan, however, said: "No; unconditional surrender and nothing else," and the ambassador turned and went back to the doomed city.

The Dacians held another council. "Our King must leave the city and hide in the mountains until better times," declared all the chieftains together.

"The populace will throw itself upon the mercy of the Emperor. He knows that the people must obey their rulers. We, the chieftains, cannot all go with our king, but those of us who must remain will not fall into the hands of the enemy alive."

"Nor shall we, if we are overtaken and defeated," cried Decebalus and his escort.

Thus the fate of the royal city was sealed. But Decebalus could not take his treasure with him on his flight, nor would he leave it behind to fall into the hands of the enemy. He must bury it; and only a couple of trusted followers might know where. So in the night a number of captives were made to carry the treasure to the caves in the cliffs

behind the town. Many a weary trip they made, half faint from hunger, before they had brought it all out of the city. To get at the caves a river had to be turned from its bed and the captives were set to do it. They went at their task in bitterness of spirit, for they knew the cruel fate of those who shared a secret. Yet though it was to be their last work on earth, they were too proud to shirk their duty and before dawn the treasure was all safely disposed, the river again in its bed and the captives and slaves silent in death, for "dead men tell no tales."

Next day the King with his sons and a few friends and followers fled to the mountains and the city gates opened to the conquerors. The populace streamed out and knelt to the Emperor, but the proud chieftains set fire to the town and while it was burning, took poison lest they be led to Rome as captives. The city was destroyed and its inhabitants scattered; a few ruins still mark the site, but its name has been forgotten.

Dacia was now a Roman province; this time the inscription could truthfully appear on the arches. Trajan sent word to Rome to announce the coming celebration. The soldiers rejoiced at the thought of a holiday and forgot their hardships and wounds while they hunted bear and wolves in the Dacian forests for the sports in the Colosseum.

Still, as long as Decebalus was at large, the victory was not as complete as Trajan could wish it. If left alone, the King would not rest until he had gathered a new band of followers and there would be fresh trouble. And then, too, with the King heading the long line of Dacian captives the

triumphal procession would be all the more impressive.

But he was gone, no one seemed to know whither; Trajan had the scouts scouring the mountain passes, but to no avail. At last some Dacians, who wished to gain favor with the Romans, reported that Decebalus with his escort had passed through their neighborhood and the soldiers were immediately set on the track of the fugitives. Another Dacian, one of the fallen monarch's trusted attendants — a false friend, he — betrayed the secret hiding place of the treasure and the Romans loaded it on mules and carried it all away.

Meanwhile up in the bleak mountains, Decebalus and his small band of faithful followers were trying to keep out of reach of the pursuing Roman cavalry which they knew must sooner or later come up with them.

At last the King begged his chieftains to go back and make their peace with Rome. "It cannot be granted me," he said. "I shall hide and if discovered, sell my life dearly, but you may still see happy days." Some of the chieftains did as he told them, weeping as they bid him farewell. Others, however, would not leave him and swore to die with him.

Then weary and exhausted, the small band awaited the coming of the Romans. They fought bravely, falling one by one in defence of their king and his house. Decebalus, too, struck many a hard blow; but when all hope was gone and numbers threatened to overwhelm him, he sank to his knees and with his own sword put an end to his life. Dacia's ruler had lost crown, friends and

fortune, but he died a king and Rome was not to see him a captive in chains, making holiday sport for her populace.

The soldiers came back from the mountains with no other prisoners save the two young sons of the dead king, who with their faithful tutor had been taken on the battlefield.

When Trajan heard how his adversary had died he exclaimed: "All honor to a brave man! No Roman could have made a better end." After the cruel custom of the day, the severed head of the fallen monarch was placed in the hollow of a shield and shown to the army to prove that he was really dead, after which, there being no further fighting for them to do, the legions turned about and marched along the fine broad road on their way to imperial Rome.

. . . . . .

"Now," said the Roman senate, when the festivities were over, "we must do something to perpetuate the memory of this splendid victory."

Apollodorus had come home with the rest and was now planning a magnificent new forum for the Emperor. So he was called and asked what he thought of telling the story on an arch.

"An arch could easily be put up," said the great builder, "but it's too long a story for an arch; a column would be better. There is a hill in the center of the forum now, let us level it and raise a column in its place as high as the hill now stands; on this column let there be a band of marble, winding about it like a ribbon and carved with the history of the war from beginning to end.

On the top of the column we will place a statue of the Emperor."

"And in its base shall be his tomb," interrupted Trajan, who was well pleased with the idea. The Senate also agreed and some of the Dacian treasure was ordered to be spent for the purpose.

Apollodorus planned the column and its windings, but a sculptor set to work upon the story itself. He made sketches of captives and armor, of soldiers and commanders. He studied the campaign thoroughly and his knowledge of rivers and mountains, forts and marches was so perfect that people can read the story from his picture as though he had been a true historian and had written it in a book. If he showed only the victories of the Romans and none of their defeats, and if the dead in his pictures always prove to be Dacians, we know that he did it because in a time of triumph the spectators did not like to be reminded of such things.

Who this artist was the world has forgotten; in fact, there were three unknown artists who took up the story in turn: this is known by the manner in which different sections of the work have been executed. Each artist had helpers, who put in houses and trees and walls after the figures had been finished. These helpers, simple stone cutters evidently, made frequent mistakes when they did not understand the drawings which had been traced on the marble for them to work from.

Trajan followed the work with interest, when the cares of state allowed him and he insisted that Decebalus be treated as a worthy foe and that his

pathetic end be told with dignity and feeling. He also had Apollodorus and his bridge depicted, a great honor in a composition so limited for space.

Trajan is long since gone, his forum lies in ruins, and the Roman empire in turn fell before the barbarians it once conquered, but the glorious column still stands in its place and tells its story as vividly as in the days when it was first put up.

PEACE
Trajan's Column — Rome

NOTES

THE OLD ROAD

BRADDOCK, (MAJOR-GENERAL) EDWARD. A British commander, born in Perthshire, Scotland in 1695; died in America, July 13, 1755, at a place called Great Meadows, about 60 miles from Fort Duquesne, the present Pittsburg. In 1754 he was sent to America with a view to driving the French from the territory which they were holding west of the Alleghany Mountains. The Colonial governors were called upon to furnish the expedition with transportation and provisions and on June 18, 1755, Braddock, with a force of 1,200 men, regulars and provincials, marched from Little Meadows against Fort Duquesne. He crossed the Monongahela, July 8, and on the following day, when about ten miles from the fort, fell into an ambuscade of French and Indians, who put his army to rout. He was mortally wounded while trying to re-form his men. Washington, then a young man of twenty-three, took part in the expedition as one of Braddock's aides and was with the general when the latter died.

ROSA BONHEUR

BONHEUR, ROSALIE (ROSA) MARIE. A French animal painter born at Bordeaux, France, March 22, 1828. Her father was her chief teacher although she also studied under Cogniet. She received medals of the first class in 1848 and 1855. Her "Haymaking in Auvergne," exhibited in 1855 attracted much attention and made her reputation. "Plowing in Nivernais," and "The Horse Fair," are perhaps, the best known of her pictures, but

her lions, deer and sheep were also much admired. The latter part of her life was spent on her estate of By, in the forest of Fontainebleau where she died May 25, 1899.

THE HORSE FAIR. Rosa Bonheur's most famous painting, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It represents a number of horses being led around an open space. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1853 where it attracted the attention of the picture dealer Gambart who bought it for 40,000 francs. It is 16½ by 7 ft. 9 inches in size; the largest animal painting ever produced. In 1857 it was sent to the United States and sold to W. P. Wright of Weehawken, New Jersey, and from his hands it passed to the Stewart collection. Finally Cornelius Vanderbilt purchased the picture and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum. Thomas Landseer engraved the "Horse Fair" from a reduced copy which Rosa Bonheur made for his use. This is the "Horse Fair" in the London National Gallery. Several other replicas are in English collections.

JOHN FLAXMAN'S STORY OF TROY

FLAXMAN, JOHN. A noted English sculptor, born July 6, 1755, at York, died December 7, 1826 at London. He was a sickly child spending much time in his father's shop where he drew after plaster casts, the elder Flaxman being a dealer in plaster busts and reliefs. A Mr. Mathew became interested in John whom he found reading a Latin book in the shop and invited him to his home, where Mrs. Mathew paid some attention to the boy's studies. At the age of fifteen he entered the Royal Academy and in 1770 his first work, a Neptune modeled in wax, was exhibited. After leaving the Academy he spent twelve years working in the Wedgwood pottery. In 1787 he went to Rome where he remained seven years and where he executed his drawings for Homer, Æschylos and Hesiod. Many of his statues and busts also date from this period. His reliefs are his best work; among them

may be mentioned his "Shield of Achilles" and a frieze, "Peace, Liberty and Plenty." His best piece of sculpture is the group of the "Archangel Michael and Satan," which was executed for the Earl of Egrement.

SIR EDWIN AND SIR WALTER

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. Born at Edinburgh, August 16, 1771; died at Abbotsford September 1832. A celebrated poet and even more famous novelist. "The Talisman" to which reference is made in the story, was one of Scott's later works. It was begun in 1824, the year of Landseer's visit, and was published in 1825.

ABBOTSFORD. Sir Walter Scott's estate on the Tweed, near Melrose, the castle of the story. The land had originally belonged to the monks of Melrose, but in 1811, when Scott purchased the place it was a farm. Scott at first built himself a modest villa but wishing to entertain many friends he found it too small and in 1817 he began to remodel and enlarge the place until in the end Abbotsford became a stately mansion.

HAGGIS. A Scottish dish, immortalized by Robert Burns. It consists of a mixture of sheep's pluck, oatmeal and onions, boiled in a sheep's stomach.

GILLIE. A man servant, generally a hunting attendant.

THOMAS THE RHYMER, or Thomas of Erceldonne, flourished 1225-1300. Noted in folk lore and Arthurian legend as a prophet and guide to the mysterious halls beneath the Eildon hills. The Queen of Faery found him under the Eildon tree and took him to her realm. The Rhymer's Glen where the meeting is supposed to have taken place, formed part of Scott's estate.

LANDSEER, SIR EDWIN HENRY. An English animal painter, born at London, March 7, 1802; died there October 1, 1873. Youngest son and pupil of John Landseer. He drew animals at the age of five, and at the

age of fourteen went to the Royal Academy. He also studied under Haydon and early gained a popularity that was denied his teacher. Landseer painted some portraits but his best work was done with dogs and deer. Among his most noted paintings are "Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs" (1833), "Jack in Office" (1833), "Suspense" (1834), "Dignity and Impudence" (1839) "Stag at Bay" (1846), "Monarch of the Glen" (1851). "Dignity and Impudence" and "The Bay Mare" are perhaps the most popular of his works.

THE BUILDING OF ST. OUEN

ST. OUEN, CHURCH OF. One of the most beautiful Gothic edifices in the world. It was erected in Rouen, France, in the fourteenth century. It is possibly the fifth or sixth church that has occupied the site, but of the earlier churches nothing remains save the fragment known as the "Tour aux Clercs." The first stone of the church we now see, was laid on May 25, 1318, by Abbot Jean Roussel, otherwise called Marc d'Argent. The choir and transepts were erected in twenty-one years (1318-1339), and though the nave was not finished until the early part of the sixteenth century, it seems to have been erected in accordance with the original design. The central tower is considerably later than the transept from which it rises and dates from the latter half of the fifteenth century. In 1418, a century after the laying of the corner stone of St. Ouen, Henry V of England invaded Normandy and laid siege to Rouen. The city offered a stout resistance but was reduced by famine and compelled to surrender in January of the following year. During this time Jean de Bayeaux, son of a former master builder of St. Ouen, was in charge of the work. His masons and the monks continued with the building during the earlier months of the siege and after the city had surrendered once more took up their labors under the protection of the English king.

THE STORY OF BERTEL

THORWALDSEN, ALBERT (BERTEL). Born at Copenhagen, November 15, 1770; died there March 24, 1844. Son of a poor wood carver who intended him for the same profession. He early showed a taste for sculpture and at the age of eleven years became a pupil of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. After some years he gained the grand prize which enabled him to go to Rome. He made many models but regularly destroyed them until he modeled his "Jason," which made his reputation but did not sell. Mr. Thomas Hope, however in 1804 ordered the "Jason" to be executed in marble and from that time on Thorwaldsen had more orders than he could fill. He spent the greater part of his life in Rome and the list of his works would fill a volume. Chief among them are "Alexander's entry into Babylon"; "Night and Morning"; the statue of "Jason" "Ganymede," "Psyche," "The Graces," and other classical subjects. His "Christ and the Twelve Apostles" which group is at Copenhagen is probably his best work.

MARQUETTE AND THE GREAT RIVER

MARQUETTE, JACQUES. Born at Laon, France, 1637; died near Lake Michigan, May 18, 1675. A French Jesuit missionary and explorer in America. Together with Jolliet he in 1673 explored the Mississippi from where the Wisconsin joins it, to the mouth of the Arkansas. He wrote a description of the expedition of 1673, which was published under the title of "Voyage et découverte de quelques pays et nations de l'Amérique Septentrionale." In 1674, accompanied by two Frenchmen and a number of Indians, Marquette undertook a second exploring expedition to the Kaskaskia country where he hoped to establish a mission, after which he explored the Fox river and the shores of Lake Michigan. Winter however overtook him here and he was obliged

to pass the cold season in a cabin on the shore of the Chicago River. He was ill all winter but by spring had recovered sufficiently to visit his flock at Kaskaskia. His old malady however returned and on his way home to Mackinac he died. His faithful Indians carried the body to the mission at St. Ignace, where a monument has been erected over it.

MILLET AND HIS POOR FOLK

MILLET, JEAN FRANÇOIS. A celebrated French painter, born October 24, 1814, at Gruchy; died at Barbizon, January 26, 1875. The son of a peasant, he spent his early years on a farm but his talent becoming evident he went to Cherbourg, later to Paris, where he studied under Delaroche. He exhibited at the Salon of 1840 and after a number of years of poverty and struggle he went to Barbizon and devoted himself to depicting peasant life. Recognition came to him but not wealth although his "Angelus" at a sale received the highest price ever given for a single picture. Millet's influence on modern art has been great. His best known pictures are "The Angelus"; "The Man with the Hoe"; "The Gleaners"; "The Shepherdess," and "The Church at Gréville."

JACQUE, CHARLES ÉMILE. A French painter and etcher. Born at Paris, 1813; died in 1874. He is called the "Pig Raphael" because he painted pigs so well. He also made many paintings and etchings of sheep. Jacque, like Millet, belonged to the "Barbizon School."

ABE

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM. Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C. At the age of eight he removed with his parents to a farm in Indiana where he passed his childhood and early youth in poverty and toil. In 1818 Lincoln's mother died and the next year his father married again. The stepmother was a kind woman who

brought some homely comforts into the humble cabin and it was owing to her that Abraham was sent to school. His schooling which extended over a period of several years was so often interrupted that his actual attendance amounted to about six months. In 1830 the Lincoln family moved to Illinois; in 1831 Abe left home to work for himself, beginning as store clerk in New Salem and mounting step by step until the Nation's highest honors were his.

ST. MARK'S SHRINE

The first church of St. Mark at Venice, erected about 829 A. D. stood for nearly one hundred and fifty years. In 976, during a riot it was destroyed by fire and the body of the patron saint spirited away. A new church was immediately begun and at its dedication, in 1094, the body of St. Mark was recovered by miracle. The second church, however, before long proved too small and from the twelfth century to the early years of the fifteenth, builders and decorators were constantly at work enlarging the structure and adorning it both within and without with all the splendor and wealth which the argosies of Venice could lay at the feet of the city's patron saint.

The great Campanile, or bell tower, was erected in the twelfth century. It stood until 1902 when it suddenly collapsed. It has since been rebuilt.

FAIRYTALE AND THE BROTHERS GRIMM

The Brothers Grimm were men of great learning, founders of Germanic science and explorers of German antiquity. They led beautiful, simple lives and they bestowed upon the children of the world a priceless gift when they in 1812, published their collection of fairy tales. They were both born at Hanau, Germany; Jacob in 1785 and Wilhelm in 1786. Both were librarians

at Cassel and Jacob spent some time in Paris. Wilhelm collected the greater part of the fairy tales and an old peasant woman who lived in a nearby village was the Homer of many of them. Wilhelm died in 1859 and his brother Jacob followed him in 1863.

JÉRÔME BONAPARTE. Youngest brother of Napoleon I. Emperor of France, was in 1807 appointed King of Westphalia. His reign was of short duration and when the First Empire fell the "Merry again tomorrow king" lost his throne.

TWO FLORENTINE FRIENDS

BRUNELLESCHI, FILIPPO. Born at Florence in 1377; died there in 1446. A great architect. He began his career as a goldsmith but the limitations of the material were irksome to him and he hailed with joy the chance of entering the competition for making the bronze doors of the Baptistery. He came near winning in the contest but Lorenzo Ghiberti's design surpassed his, and to Ghiberti was awarded the task of the doors. Brunelleschi in his disappointment turned his attention to the apparently impossible feat of raising a dome over the Florence Cathedral. For this purpose he went for several years to Rome, where he studied the remains of ancient architecture. When he returned to Florence he had solved the problem and after many difficulties he was at last permitted to proceed with the work. He completed it and produced one of the greatest feats in architecture. He built many churches and public and private buildings and his Palazzo Pitti at Florence has served as a model to the present day.

DONATELLO, real name Donato di Betti Bardo. Born 1386, died 1468. A Florentine, and one of the world's great sculptors. He, like Brunelleschi began by being a goldsmith but soon forsook this art for marble and bronze. He spent some time in Rome studying the antique, but founded his own style. He had the modern contempt for mere beauty and loved force and action.

Among his most famous works are the marble reliefs of the "Dancing Children," executed for the organ gallery in the Cathedral of Florence; the bronze Judith in the Loggia dei Lanzi; the equestrian statue of Gattamelata at Padua; his "St. George"; his "David" and a number of figures on the Campanile.

THE JOYOUS VENTURE OF THE RAJAH

Captain Jonathan Carnes, of Salem, Massachusetts, having heard that pepper grew wild on the northern coast of Sumatra, interested Jonathan Peele of Salem, in the venture. A ship was fitted out and in November 1795, Captain Carnes cleared out of Salem harbor for the East Indies. Eighteen months later, the *Rajah* sailed into port loaded to the hatch coamings with pepper. The profits of the voyage amounted to 700%.

On her second voyage the Rajah was chased but that time too she managed to keep her secret. On a third voyage, however, her secret lading place was discovered and thereafter her owners had to be content with the usual cent per cent.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Della Scala, Cangrande I, Lord of Verona and greatest of the Scaliger family. He was born in 1291 and originally christened Can Francesco, but on account of his bold, brave spirit he was nicknamed Cangrande, or Big Dog, and he and his successors bore a dog as their crest on their helmets. Cangrande was noted for his winning smile and his knightly qualities. He succeeded his brother Alboino in 1311 and was a successful ruler until his untimely death in 1329. Dante refers to him and to Verona repeatedly in his "Divine Comedy," and is said to have spent part of his exile at Cangrande's court in 1317–18.

The splendid equestrian statue of Cangrande over his tomb in Verona, is by an unknown artist.

DANTE (DURANTE) ALIGHIERI. Born at Florence, 1255; died at Ravenna 1321. One of the world's four greatest poets. (Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe.) On account of political reasons he was, in 1302, banished from Florence and obliged to spend the remainder of his life in exile. His chief work is the "Divine Comedy," which was finished shortly before his death.

GIOTTO DI BORDONE. Born at Vespignano, 1276; died 1336. Painter, sculptor and architect. His principal works were his frescoes which were in most of the large cities of Italy. Many of them, those that he executed for Cangrande, at Verona, among them, have been lost; but the scenes from the life of St. Francis, in the lower church at Assisi, still remain. The Bell-tower of the cathedral at Florence is his most famous architectural work. He did not live to see it completed but he left a perfect model for it, which was largely but not entirely followed in its construction. He was the friend of Dante and the portrait, discovered some years ago on a wall in the palace of the Podestã at Florence is supposed to be Giotto's portrait of the great poet.

SACHETTI, FRANCO DI BENCI. A Florentine novelist and poet who flourished in the fourteenth century. His chief work was the "Three Hundred Tales," of which only 223 have come down to us. Dolcibene has borrowed one of these stories in his tale of the law student who carved according to the rules of grammar. An excellent translation, called "Tales from Sachetti," has been made by Mary G. Steegmann.

MOZART

MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS. Born January 27, 1756, at Salzburg, Germany; died at Vienna, December 5, 1791. His musical genius manifested itself when he was but three years of age. At five he composed minuets,

and all through his childhood he was taken on concert tours to play in the chief European capitals before royal and noble patrons. His sister Maria Anne (Nannerl), who was five years his elder, was also a gifted musician but was overshadowed by Wolfgang's phenomenal genius. He was the only "wonder-child" that bore out the promise of its early youth for to the day of his death Mozart's creative force was steadily on the increase. At the age of fourteen his father took him to Italy where the young musician conducted works of his own composing. He returned to Salzburg, later undertook an extended tour with his mother and finally settled in Vienna. Mozart's works are many and include Sonatas, concertos, symphonies, operas: "The Marriage of Figaro," "Idomeneus," "The Clemency of Titus," "Don Juan," "The Magic Flute" and others; also songs and church music, of which "The Requiem" is the best known.

OF AN ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL SIR GALAHAD

GALAHAD, SIR. The noblest and purest knight of the Round Table. Walter Map invented the character in the "Quest of the Graal."

GRAIL OR GRAAL. According to medieval legend this was the cup or chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper. In it Joseph of Arimathea caught the last drops of Christ's blood as he was taken from the cross. This cup Joseph is said to have carried to Britain. Another account however has it that it was brought by angels from heaven and deposited in a castle on a mysterious mountain where a band of knights guarded it. If approached by any one not perfectly pure the grail vanished away. Having been lost it became the quest of knights errant of all nations. The stories and poems of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are founded on this legend.

EARLY DAYS IN CINCINNATI

CLEVENGER, SHOBAL VAIL. American sculptor, born near Middletown, Ohio, 1812; died at sea, 1843. He came to Cincinnati when a boy and found work as a stone cutter. E. S. Thomas, editor of the Cincinnati *Evening Post,* became interested in the lad who showed artistic ability and made it possible for him to visit the Eckstein Art Academy. His first work was a bust of Mr. Thomas which was executed directly in the stone. He set up a studio in Cincinnati but later transferred it to New York. Among sitters were W. H. Harrison, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren and Washington Allston. His bust of Daniel Webster is considered the best likeness of the great statesman and was selected by the Post-office department to be reproduced on the fifteen cent U. S. postage-stamp. In 1840 Clevenger went to Rome where he modeled his "North American Indian," "the first distinctive American piece of sculpture." He fell ill while in Italy and embarked for home. But he died shortly after the ship set sail and was buried at sea. Some of his work may be seen in Boston, New York and Philadelphia art galleries and museums of historical societies.

POWERS, HIRAM. A famous American sculptor, born at Woodstock, Vermont, 1805; died at Florence, Italy, 1873. Some of his early work was executed in Cincinnati, but his chief occupation in that city was the modeling and repairing of wax figures in a museum. In 1835 he went to Washington and in 1837 to Florence. His chief works are "The Greek Slave," "The Fisher Boy," and many portrait and ideal busts.

TROLLOPE, FRANCES, MRS. A noted Englishwoman who came to Cincinnati in 1828 hoping to make a fortune with a bazar which she erected for the sale of china, art objects and fine wares for which the frontier town was not yet ready. Her venture proved a failure and after touring the United States she returned to Europe where

she published her famous book on America. She finally settled in Florence where she died in 1863.

BENVENUTO AND HIS PERSEUS

CELLINI, BENVENUTO. A most famous Italian goldsmith and sculptor. He was born at Florence in 1500 and died there in 1570. His father was determined to make a musician of him but Benvenuto was equally determined to become a goldsmith. He finally carried his point and established himself with a goldsmith. His violent temper constantly led him into difficulties and his life was full of adventures which are related in his celebrated autobiography. He spent much time in Rome working for several popes. He also went to Paris at the desire of Francis I, but family affairs called him back to Florence and Duke Cosmo de' Medici persuaded him to break his word to the French king and remain at home. The Duke gave Benvenuto a house where he cast his famous "Perseus." His beautiful goldsmith's work has nearly all vanished owing to the value of the material in which it was executed; the gold and silver and precious stones being put to other uses in times of stress.

THE STORY OF TRAJAN'S COLUMN

TRAJAN, MARCUS ULPIUS TRAJANUS, surnamed Dacicus and Parthicus. Born at Italica, Spain, about 53 A. D.; died at Selinus, Cilicia, 117. A famous Roman Emperor, 98–117 A. D. He early entered the army and conducted many brilliant campaigns. Chief among them was the war against the Dacians, 100–106 A. D.

DECEBALUS. A title of honor among the Dacians, meaning chief ruler or king. Also a Dacian king at war with Rome during the reigns of Domitian and Trajan. He died in 106 A. D.

DACIA. A Roman province, lying between the Carpathian Mountains on the north, the Danube on the south, the Theiss on the west and the Dniester on the east, and corresponding to modern Roumania, Transyl-

vania and part of Hungary. It was conquered by Trajan between 101 and 106 A. D. and made a Roman province which it remained until the time of Aurelius, 270–273 A. D.

COLUMN OF TRAJAN. A monument in Rome erected 114 A. D. in honor of the Emperor after the Dacian war and built with Dacian spoil. It is a Roman Doric column of marble on a square basement. The column without the statue of St. Peter which now surmounts it is 127½ feet high. The story of the war is sculptured in reliefs ascending in a spiral around the column. There are about 2,500 human figures besides those of animals and accessories.

THE END

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